

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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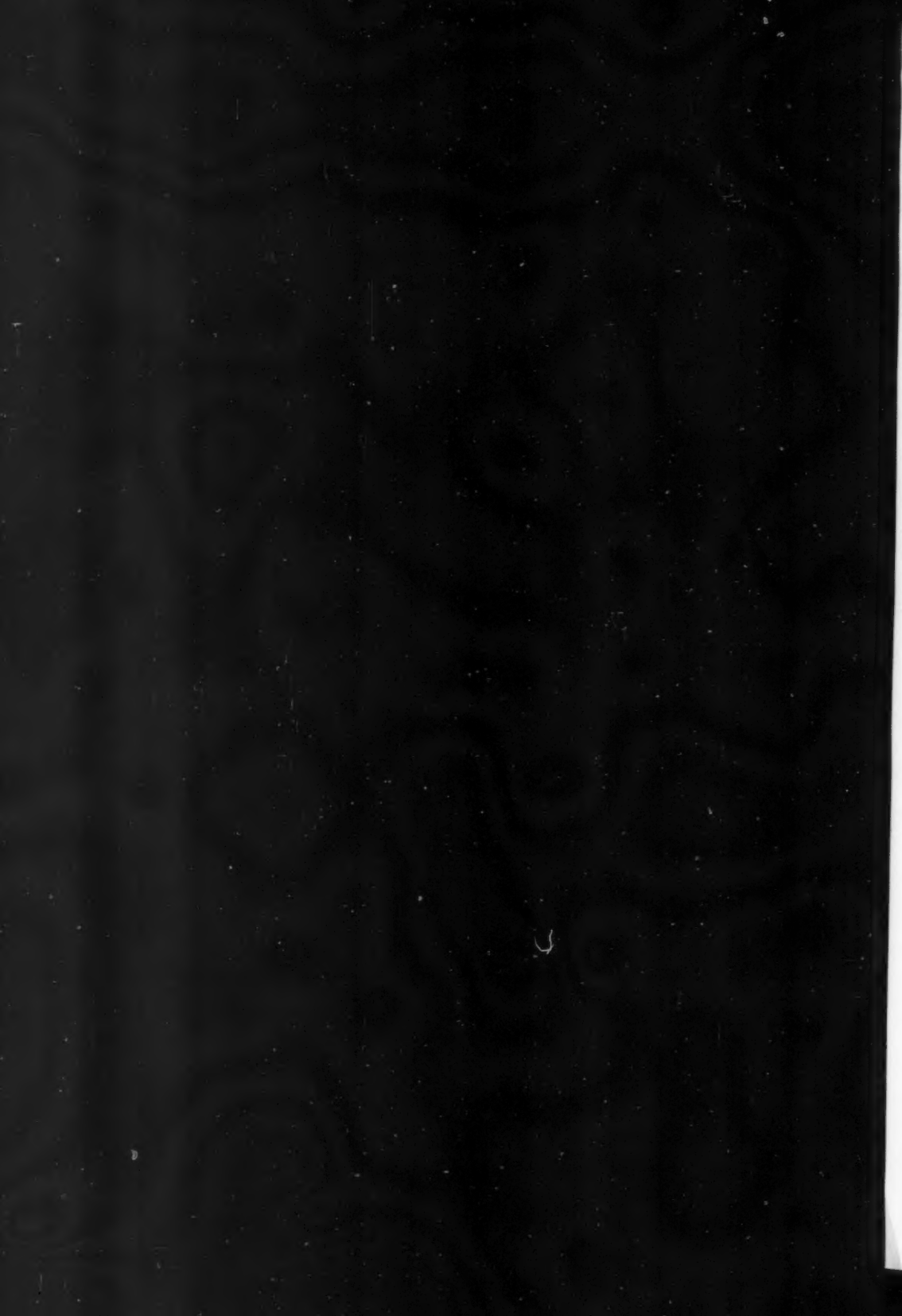
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## POETRY.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## SPRING AND THE HEART.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

## THE HEART SPEAKS.

BRING me the gold of gorses from the hills;  
The blooms that cluster thick upon the  
thorn;

The marybuds that blow by meadow rills;  
The clover, rosy as the blush of morn.

Scatter thy gifts, O Spring, with lavish hand,  
Thy precious gifts of sunlight, song, and  
dew!

Send the bird-voices thrilling through the  
land;

Dress the bare woods in leafage green and  
new.

Call back the swallows to their haunts again;  
Bring the white sails across a placid sea;  
Bid the young corn spring up in sun and rain,  
And let but one small joy arise for me!

For me — for I have lost so many things  
While the grim Winter reared his icy  
throne.

Old hopes, old dreams, the gleam of silver  
wings,  
Passed from my life, and left me dark and  
lone.

## SPRING SPEAKS.

To thee, poor heart, I come with empty hands,  
Mine are but blossoms born of sun and  
showers;

The hopes thou seekest grow not on my lands,  
And thy dead loves revive not with my  
flowers.

Turn thee to other souls, more sad than thine,  
Into their darkness bring the light of day;  
Lead them forth gently into paths divine,  
And thou shalt find a blessing on the way.

A blessing that shall live when daisies die;  
A bliss that fades not when the sere leaves  
fall;

A new joy, fairer than the joys gone by,  
And for its sake thou wilt forget them all.

Sunday Magazine.

## A WOOD IN SPRING.

THE white wind-flowers lift up their starry  
faces

From the green clustering leaves where pink  
buds hide;

The celandines grow thick in sheltered places,  
And soft moss covers all the bank's steep  
side.

The bluebell leaves shine where the grass  
grows longest,

Flower spikes between that soon will shoot  
up tall;

The birds are trying which can sing the  
strongest —

From tree to tree the sweet-voiced thrushes  
call.

The air is full of sound and stir and humming  
Of bees and birds and flowers that joy to  
live,

And countless buds show where new flowers  
are coming,

Telling that Spring has yet more joys to  
give.

Cassell's Magazine.

V. M. K.

## A RAINLESS APRIL.

COME, April, come with gift of smile and  
tears,

Not with thine eyes unable thus to weep, —  
Hast thou no store of sorrow from the deep  
To loose and laugh through, as in former  
years?

Come, let Lodore make music for our ears,  
And rouse Helvellyn from his winter sleep,  
Hang rainbow glories from the sunny steep,  
And shroud at night with dew the glittering  
spheres.

For now the mountain faces, faint and pale  
For lack of thy revivifying hand,  
Swoon on beyond their time, expression-  
less.

And now the flocks are milkless in the dale,  
The cuckoo calls not, and the larches stand  
Without a heart to don their jewelled  
dress.

Spectator.

H. D. R.

IN THE BAPTISTERY, WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY.

THE streaming sunlight floods the crimson  
panes

Where Cowper and George Herbert, side  
by side,

Stand out, transfigured and thrice-glorified,  
From their calm world no ruder step profanes.  
Here dwells the poet-saint whose lofty strains  
Have filled the hearts of all men far and  
wide:

Here Wordsworth ponders, pensive and  
tongue-tied,  
Some secret gleamed from Nature's fair do-  
mains.

And here the faces of those two great men\*  
Gaze grandly peaceful, — comrades in the  
fight,

Who struck their blow for Truth with fearless  
pen.

A sunbeam flits between them from above:  
And as the one bears witness, "God is  
Light!"

Still comes the other's answer, "God is  
Love!"

Spectator.

W. H. SAVILE.

\* F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley.

From The National Review.

ON THE DIRECT INFLUENCE OVER STYLE IN POETRY EXERCISED BY THE OTHER FINE ARTS, SCULPTURE AND PAINTING ESPECIALLY; WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

My second introductory lecture † offered a brief comparison of the other fine arts with poetry. Such a survey perhaps could hardly be other than dry and abstract. We were outside the Muses' temple; we walked round rather than entered it; we came as surveyors, not as worshippers. To fill in and color that outline by some details which may bring us nearer to the heart and soul of the matter, and put us in directer contact with the power of poetry, is now my aim.

In that former attempt I examined how the other fine arts differed, in regard to their respective spheres and powers, from the art of poetry. In this and another lecture I wish, on the other hand, to set forth the relation of poetry to her sister arts: to show by examples, ancient and modern, that poetry has a certain, though limited power, to reproduce in words something of their method, spirit, and effect. This is rather an intricate and novel inquiry; it leads us among delicate distinctions, and the most refined regions of song; but if I can manage it with success, I hope that the attempt may be of use in adding to the knowledge and discrimination, and so to the pleasure, with which we read the poets. That all really fine art at the same time is delicate art, is one of Mr. Ruskin's best and truest sayings. Strength and originality have many to praise them; refinement and distinction, through their very nature, are less studied and noticed. Any attempt, however, to deal with such points is obviously difficult. I will therefore ask at once for some closeness of attention among those who favor me with their presence, and will only add to my preface that if I fail in this attempt it will not have been from want of will; as I have written most of my essay three or four times over in hopes of clearing up the subject to myself as well as to

those whom I hope I may call my indulgent hearers.

Poets have been often compared, though in general, perhaps, rather vaguely and uncritically, to sculptors or to painters; the qualities mostly thought of in this comparison being severity and calmness of diction, contrasted with passionate movement, descriptive detail, and wealth of ornament, Sculpturesque style and pictorial style are, thus, I think, phrases sufficiently distinct to indicate generally the idea and tenor of my attempt. And although analogies with the other fine arts will not be excluded, yet it is these two styles which will be mainly before us: man and his works, man and the landscape about him and in relation to him, which form, briefly, the provinces of sculptor and painter, being obviously much more akin to the sphere of poetry than anything which architecture or music can offer.

This subject, you will perhaps recognize, is in fact an attempt to carry farther, and into fuller and more varied details, the inquiry which Lessing, the celebrated German critic of the last century, initiated in his essay named "Laocoon." And as it is one which spreads rather wide and deep, let me first outline its limits and its general direction.

The limitations I take first. Although the sculpturesque and the pictorial styles in verse can be traced together from very early days, yet it would be fanciful and incorrect to look for examples of these styles *everywhere* in poetry. They do not form, they are far from forming, a complete, exhaustive division of style.\* The poet, on the one hand, has in words a material incomparably more fertile and varied than his fellow-artists. On the other hand, his art in its spirit and its expression is by far the most receptive, the most represen-

\* Even Lessing, although his "Laocoon" is mainly an effort to liberate the fine arts, and poetry in particular, from the too close alliance in which they were bound by the criticism of his day, is yet, I think, greatly hampered throughout the essay by that ancient definition which always speaks of art as an "imitation." Hence his demand that poetry "must *always* produce a picture," or, as he also calls it, an "illusion." We should here more commonly use the word "creation:" a definition which, in its turn, is open to abuse. Yet, if applied to poetry, it seems on the whole nearer the truth, more expressive than the Greek phrase, "imitation."

\* A lecture delivered in the Theatre of the Museum by F. T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, 25th Feb., 1887.

† LIVING AGE, No. 2210, p. 259.

tative, the most intellectual; if we put aside music, that sweet exceptional sister muse, the most emotional. Poetry hence covers regions of thought and feeling, it sets before us situations and motives, which lie altogether beyond the range of the other fine arts of design. For example; we shall scarcely find analogies with painting or sculpture in the whole field of didactic, moral, or satirical verse; as these forms, in general, lie farthest away from imaginative treatment, and belong, as it were, to the prose side of poetry. Nor, for an opposite reason, can we ordinarily trace these artistic analogies in the intensely personal and self-analyzing lyric of modern days, *la poésie intime*, as it has been called; this style having too little substance, too airy a form, to admit of such resemblance; whilst dramatic poetry, as such, for obvious reasons, falls almost entirely without our survey.

Poetry, in short, has a voice of its own, what may be named a *literary* style, irreducible to the methods of the other arts. Those resemblances which we are in quest of must be looked for chiefly in verse of high, imaginative, finished order; when the poet's work is to set off human action or passion, to paint the drama of life; or, again, we shall find them when he makes free use of decorative details, and illustrative metaphor or allusion. Hence we may fairly say, that poetry is sculpturesque or pictorial in style, when she is at her true natural function of translating ideas and feelings into sensible images; when, in the old-fashioned phrase, she works as an imitative art, realizing thus and embodying in living words the subject or idea given to the maker's mind by the creative imagination; putting things before us objectively; when, in short, poetry is most at home, most herself.

We shall also find that whilst the likeness between poetry and sculpture will be more marked than the likeness to painting, the sculpturesque style, in its finest sense, is far rarer than the pictorial. That severe simplicity which is always thought of as a chief characteristic of sculpture, in a broad way may be said to answer to sublimity; and this mode of the beautiful, as I have ventured to call the sublime, is

well known to be much less common than beauty of a kind more varied, more colored; whence also the painter has a far wider range (and in the modern world a far more fertile and popular function), than the sculptor.

Lastly; we cannot recall to mind too often "how closely," in Schiller's phrase, "substance and form are connected in poetry." It is through words only, not through form or color, that poetry reaches us. Hence I have defined my essay as the sculpturesque and pictorial *styles* in verse. Style, indeed, is often used in a narrow, technical sense, as if, in the common phrase, it was a mere "matter of words," not connected with the message which they convey. But in its deeper and truer meaning, style is no voluntary dress chosen by the poet; it is the immediate vesture or manifestation of the soul of his art; the bodily form, as it were, secretly moulded by the indwelling spirit, whilst enclosing it and making it perceptible to us.

Thus much as a general prefatory definition of my subject. But, whilst pursuing it, we shall find that it opens to more and wider horizons than are at first implied by this question of style, even in its largest significance—that, at the same time, by a true though narrow path, whilst looking for sculpture and painting as they reproduce themselves in verse, we are following the inward development of poetry from pre-historic Greece to nineteenth-century England. For the fine arts owe their real importance to this, that each of them answers in turn to some widely felt or permanent demand of the human soul; that each satisfies our thirst for certain forms of beauty and for certain channels through which our thoughts, regrets, and longings may express themselves. They live only whilst this vital correspondence lasts; whilst, as we say, they are in touch of their own time; whilst the poet, in Schiller's fine phrase, is "the child of his age." And it is this vital correspondence (and this only), that makes art the really important thing in human life which you, I think, will agree in holding it. For I at least reject, as mistaken and inadequate, the Circean voices of that modern teach-

ing which, after the alleged example of Goethe, in unmanly despair at the perplexity of thoughts and things around us, at "the riddle of the painful earth," finds its consolation and creed in an "Art still is true;" turning as it were into a sort of Epicurean refuge for the destitute this great and heaven-sent source of ennobling pleasure.\*

Returning now to my immediate subject: I have remarked that, whilst we try to trace the sculptural and pictorial styles in verse, at the same time we shall find ourselves also tracing the inward development of poetry, in its main current, from Homer to our own day. For although sculpture and painting have probably been practised together from remote antiquity, yet we commonly and correctly recognize that the first is the characteristic art of the old world,† the other of the new. Sculpture, looked at as a whole, was the natural way in which the Greek realized through visible form his deepest thoughts upon religion and morality, — upon the heroic and the beautiful, — in a word, upon life in her highest aspects; and it was the same with the Roman, so far as he was educated by Greece. In the pathetic silence of their shattered beauty, the marbles of Vatican and Louvre, and, even more, our own Parthenon treasures, are the great visibly surviving symbols of pagan civilization.

Painting has done a similar interpretative work for that much more complex world, moulded from many mixed races, which followed the Teutonic conquests of the Western Empire; from the revival of

art nine hundred years ago, through mediæval and Renaissance days to our own. Painting has thus been successively the art of Christianity, of domestic life, of landscape; in each of these phases answering closely to the inner spiritual development of Europe.

The fine arts are united by a common bond, not only through the pleasure which is their aim, but through the expression which they all give to human sentiment. This, to take the current phrase, is the groundwork of the *solidarity* between them. When, therefore, we find poetry now essentially sculptural in style, now pictorial, we are justified in looking for some general inward sympathy at once with the method and the spirit of the two corresponding arts. This is the ground upon which I have ventured to assert, that whilst tracing these two great poetical styles, we are also tracing, as in a figure, the great evolution of poetry itself from paganism to Christianity, from that old limited civilization to the new, — less definite than the classical, if broader and deeper. But into this vast and terrifying subject, — which is, indeed, little less than the secret, vital history of Europe from pre-historic times downward, it is happily not my business, as it is not within my power, to enter. My wish is only that we should keep in mind how much is implied by what, at first sight, may seem merely matter of taste or fashion or fancy; what deep and solemn problems are looking at us through the veil of poetic style; how, even in this low valley of life, we cannot evade the sight of the eternal mountain summits. And another lesson, also, may perhaps be learned, namely, that the power of no art can be fully felt or enjoyed if we study it by itself. Only when taken together can the arts free us from the danger of cliques and dilettantism; only thus can they really justify their claim to rank among the essential elements of culture.

This being the full scope of our inquiry, we have next to define more closely; to ask what are the specific qualities in architecture and music, sculpture and painting, which poetry can reproduce, and how it effects this reproduction.

First, then, poetry replaces the materi-

\* This theory, in fact (though seemingly antagonistic), is only our old acquaintance, the "didactic" heresy, reappearing under other colors.

† This remark is only general and approximate. Here, as everywhere when we deal with the art or literature of the old world, we should call to mind the painfully fragmentary way in which they have reached us. Thus, Greek painting is hardly known to us except through vague or imperfect description, although this appears to be sufficient to justify us in classing it as subordinate to Greek sculpture in style and in importance.

External causes, also, have played some part in the development of these arts. Such is climate, which familiarized Hellenic craftsmen with the human form, whilst in more northern Europe it naturally encouraged the more perishable and indoor art of the painter. Upon the sculpture of the Renaissance I have touched afterwards.



als which the other fine arts use by words; substituting these airy symbols of thought and feeling, these unseen mental images of man and nature, for the actualities of stone, color, and music. Here we are first struck by the trenchant limitations of poetry. That visible, sensuous result, with the special pleasure which eye and ear hence receive, words clearly cannot touch. The merest sketch will put a face or a view before us with an immediate power which the greatest of poets is unable to approach; for the painter's landscape is seen at once, and seen in actual form and color; the poet's only by successive steps, and through images called up by the mind. Music, it is true, like verse, passes before or through our souls in time-succession; and music also is absolutely essential to poetry; yet even here, in this single case, where poetry (as noticed in my second lecture) is physically and materially identified with one of her sister fine arts, she contends with music on very unequal terms. One melody of Mozart's orchestra will have more entrancement in it than all the "deep-enwoven harmonies," even of "Paradise Lost" or the "Georgics."

"But, if such are the limitations of poetry, this art has its revenges; 'what poetry lacks of sensuous fulness, it more than balances by intellectual intensity.' And hence, by her subtle power of presenting analogies, by the wonderful flexibility possessed by style, by the vast range of her word-material, in which all we do or think or feel more or less clearly clothes itself, poetry can repeat something of the character of her sister arts to us, through the channel of the mind. This imitation or reproduction can be effected by the poet in two ways, corresponding broadly to those two great elements combined in every art, on which I dwelt in my second lecture: the substance and the form; the material and the spiritual; the vehicle which the artist uses, on the one hand; on the other, the human sentiment, thought, scene, character, whatever it be, — the message which he desires to express. Thus the poet may have before his mind (perhaps unconsciously), some example of that particular art to which his genius inclines him at the moment; some actual statue or picture. The calm of the sculptor's marble, or the vivacity and depth of the painter's colors, fill his "inward eye;" he tries, as it were, to chisel or to tint his verse accordingly, so far as words or metre can be bent to the purpose. He can deal with words, for example, in a manner parallel to that with

which a sculptor manages his material, severely and reticently; and this, as we shall see, especially if the structure of his native language have analogous sculptural qualities. And such, I cannot help believing, was the mood of Keats when he wrote the lovely "Ode on a Grecian Urn;" although, even here, he is unable to restrain always the essentially pictorial quality of his genius.

This first mode of imitation, for clearness' sake, though the word is somewhat pedantic, may be named the technical reproduction of another fine art by poetry. But the poet may also choose to present the *kind of subject* proper to sculpture or painting; the special forms of human emotion which those arts most effectively render. He may think *through* light and color, if I may use the phrase, rather than *in* light and color; the method of which Pindar and Dante supply splendid examples. And this, in contrast with the technical or material imitation just named, I should call inner or spiritual reproduction.

This interplay of the arts (some portion of which, as I have noticed, is the subject of Lessing's "Laocoon"), is so intimate and so subtle, — so many elements, physical and mental, unite in it, that I know not if, even after many efforts, I have found words to make it tolerably clear.\* And, when we turn to illustrations, we shall find that the poets,

Among the many movements of their minds, deal so freely with their matter, shift so often from one style to another, that to distinguish between the styles without fancifulness, to "know the change and feel it," is a difficult work. The structure of poetry is far more intricate than it may seem at first sight. It has the complexity of all living organisms, and it is hence a delicate task to analyze its many elements. But this task should be interesting and profitable in proportion to its delicacy.

We have now briefly seen how poetry is limited in reproducing the effects of sculpture and painting, and what are its general powers and methods of so doing.

\* Even Lessing is not, as I understand him, perfectly clear and consistent in his definitions of the two-fold manner in which poetry may imitate sculpture. He speaks of the poet who employs what he names the first mode of imitation as "original;" of him who follows the second as a "copyist" (Ch. VII.). The example Lessing gives of the first mode is Vergil's description of the shield of Aeneas. Yet when afterwards (Ch. XVIII.) he contrasts with this the Homeric shield, he treats Vergil's "imitation" as false in idea and inferior in effect. The "spiritual" reproduction of which I speak above, is not dealt with in the "Laocoon."

It remains, lastly, before I attempt to illustrate these positions, to define, as best I can, those qualities, material and spiritual, in the sister fine arts, which poetry can transmute and transmit in her own fashion. Without some idea as clear as we may be able to form, upon these points, no comparison between poetry and the other arts can be drawn. And this, I hope, will be my excuse in your eyes for the somewhat tedious length to which my preface must extend itself.

Powerful as a great building is to impress us, the emotion roused by it is vague and, as it were, diffused through the whole mass of the structure. The impression of beauty or grandeur which it makes on the soul is intertwined, further, with the practical purpose of the building, or with that magical sentiment which I spoke of as due to antiquity. Hence, resemblances in style between poetry and architecture are scanty and general; we can hardly reduce them under the two forms of imitation just specified. They are to be traced in poems where symmetry, proportion, and grandeur of parts, combined by unity of plan, are conspicuous.

Music, as I noticed before, has this peculiarity, that it enters *directly*, not as the other arts *figuratively*, into poetry; to which harmony in words, melody in rhythm, are necessities of life. But music, in its own message to the soul, calls up formless feelings, ideas indefinite though deep, images that pass before us as in a dream. In contrast with poetry, the voice of music is wordless, its cry inarticulate. Yet the poet's robe, like that of nature herself, is so variegated, that we shall find that an analogous style has sometimes made itself felt in verse.

But it is in the two arts which render natural form, — the plastic arts as they are often named, — that the resemblances which we seek are far most frequently discoverable.

In the case of sculpture these resemblances will be most clearly seen if we look at that art in its purest, its most impressive form; that in which it presents whole figures, figures "in the round," as the phrase is. Severity, simplicity, repose, — these are the first words by which sculpture is always, and rightly, characterized. For these qualities flow immediately from the materials, the stone or metal, to which it is mainly limited. Pure sculpture can give no landscape, no sky or atmosphere; architecture is its only suitable background. It has few mere accessories, and even those, less orna-

mental than symbolical. Whatever scene or sentiment the artist aims at rendering, with little exception must be embodied in the human form. His figures also can rarely express movement, still less, violent action. Immense technical difficulties, on which I cannot here enlarge, practically forbid such effects. Nor, if his material allowed him, would the sculptor do wisely to aim at them. Our minds at once feel a contradiction when the marble or bronze, ponderous and stable, tries to show rapid, transitory expression. The absolute height of passion is hence hardly within the sculptor's power; it is his, rather, to give the pause of arrested movement; the wave, as it were, before it breaks; the energy concentrated for the last leap: the climax must be left to the spectator's mind. The peculiar technical virtue of sculpture, — that which natural law and necessity impose on it, — may be therefore summed up as reserve or self-restraint. The work must tell its story by its own inner, vital impressiveness; the figure stands before us with the dumb petition that we should seize and be penetrated by its beauty. In its own nature, sculpture is hence a strictly objective art.

Passing from the technical to the spiritual aspect of sculpture, from the marble to the message which it conveys to our minds; this art necessarily rejects mixed motives, subtle thoughts, feelings which must be analyzed before they can be understood, not less than it rejects complicated or vehement external action. The sculptor's stage being thus limited, the persons of his drama will generally express passions common to mankind from the beginning, feelings deep and silent, thoughts of the widest appeal. What is transitory and accidental, like what is intricate, are alien from the eternal marble.

These conditions, technical and spiritual, but imposed by nature itself, all narrow the range of sculpture. But I may here recall the phrase I have already used, that beneath all the fine arts lies that great contest between freedom and necessity which pervades human life. "Art is then perfect," as a celebrated ancient critic notes, "when it seems to be nature."\* But art only seems such and is at its greatest when we see at once the most perfect seeming spontaneity and freedom, combined and identified with the most imperative natural restrictions. I insist upon this great underlying law, be-

\* Τότε γὰρ ἡ τέχνη τέλειος, ἡνίκ' ἂν φύσις εἶναι δοκῇ. (Longinus, ch. xxii.)

cause we spectators or readers are apt to be much less alive to it than the artist himself. What he feels, are his ever-present, ever-pressing limitations; the spectator is moved by his range, his freedom, his apparent infinity of resource and imagination. So the bird in the air looks like the embodied spirit of liberty, whilst its own effort all the while is to resist and conquer the ever-depressing weight of gravitation. Thus under the coercion of these very limitations sculpture has developed for itself its highest and most distinctive qualities: unity of idea, embodied in beauty of form. It is through unity and beauty that the severity, simplicity, repose, self-restraint, which are its technical characters, find their spiritual and emotional expression. And this beauty will, necessarily, at once be of the most impressive and the most inward nature; the most reserved, and hence the most permanently powerful. And when with this the sculptor can unite the look of living tenderness; when his "fine chisel," in Shakespeare's phrase, seems as if it could almost "cut breath,"—he has spiritualized his brute material to the finest point, his art has risen to its supreme moment of triumph.

It is, doubtless, not probable that Shakespeare in the statue-scene of "The Winter's Tale," which I have just quoted, was really giving us his criticism upon the art of sculpture, any more than upon the style of "that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," to whose hand, in fact, with Elizabethan dramatic license, the figure of Hermione is assigned in the play. Yet as Homer, by force of penetrative imagination, in his shield of Achilles foresaw the achievements destined to the art of Phidias, so here has our Homer penetrated to the soul of sculpture. Listen to Paulina, as she withdraws the curtain and shows the queen as a statue to King Leontes, who for many years has believed himself widowed of his fair Hermione:—

Here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

(Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.)

I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.

Comes it not something near?

Leontes. Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace.

Then again, when Paulina prepares to close the curtain:—

No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy  
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed? and that  
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Polixenes.

Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mocked with art.

I have dwelt here on sculpture at greater length, partly because it is at once so profoundly interesting, and so little studied in comparison with painting in its principles; partly also because its distinctive qualities are more clearly transferable into poetry than those of painting;\* to which art we now turn. The painter's technical methods, as distinguished from the scene and sentiment which he conveys, verse cannot reproduce in the same degree as the sculptor's. The common and convenient word *picturesque* has a tendency to deceive us on this point. The picturesque may, indeed, include the pictorial; but its meaning is generally wider and vaguer, and may imply much which has only a metaphorical likeness to art. *Word-painting*, a phrase as old as Simonides, as we now hear it used, is even more deceptive. For description in verse, which is meant, I suppose, by word-painting, landscape description especially—because it is descriptive, is by no means necessarily pictorial. Descriptive passages are pictorial, only where the essential principles of painting as a special art are followed; not those, always, where the poet sets himself to *make a picture*, or is trying to force his words to create in the mind's eye the actual, sensuous effect which the painting itself would convey. Hence that eminently modern style of descriptive poetry, in which the writer successively sets forth

\* In his third lecture Keble has a brief but interesting episode on the poetry traceable in the other fine arts, marked by his characteristic modesty (*sicut unus de plebe dicam*, is his preface), and equally characteristic fineness of criticism. I am glad to be able to quote his authority for the opinion here expressed. Of sculpture he says: "Id jamdudum vetus est ac tralatitium, ut quæque cum Poesi maxime congruant, ita studiosissime plerumque laudari: *calata nimirum propius aliquanto Poesin attingere quam picta*;" assigning as the reasons for this the severity, simplicity, and objective nature of the art.

Let me respectfully suggest to the authorities of the Clarendon Press that a careful translation (no easy task) of Keble's "Praelections" would be a most valuable addition to our stock—by no means copious—of truly standard criticism.

all the details of a scene, as if transferring to language what he sees before him on canvas, can hardly be pictorial in the true sense. This style is only disguised realism; it is like photography compared to genuine art; imitative word-painting is substituted in it for imaginative reproduction. But I shall hope to recur to this curious point later on.

The spirit, rather than the actual manner, of painting, is what must be looked for in the pictorial style of poetry; for which the chief reason is that both the style and the subjects of painting are much less limited and definite than those of sculpture, much wider and more varied. I shall therefore be best able to point out the elements of painting which we may expect to find in poetry by comparing the painter's art with the sculptor's.

Pictures can tell a more intricate story, suggest subtler thoughts, enter more closely into the workings of the heart. Canvas and wall invite discursiveness, the marble inculcates concentration; whilst to render repose is eminently the sculptor's province, painting can at least suggest movement. It gives human characters where sculpture tends to giving types. It relies less on form than on expression, admits a little (though only a little,) display of the comic, is nearer common life, and is hence less bound to be, above all things, beautiful. Hence also painting is more apt to overwhelm and lose its subject in mere decoration than sculpture; it falls oftener into the vice of ornamentalism; it sacrifices meaning and soul to the luxury of the eye. Painting, further, by its landscape, its perspective, and distance, its power of contrast in form and color, explains itself much more than sculpture; these things, like metaphors and side allusions in verse, in a picture help to interpret and to emphasize the main subject.

To sum up in a few words (which I offer rather as hints than as definitions, efforts to express what really can be only felt, in the hope that we may thus feel more truly and enjoyably), painting, compared with sculpture, in the broad sense is a subjective art. It appeals more overtly to our feelings. Sculpture tends to address the understanding; painting the heart. They are sisters; but the one is classical, the other romantic; they differ, as Antigone and Imogen differ, though with a family likeness; *qualis decet esse sororum*. Sculpture \* favors definiteness,

repose, "all passion spent;" painting mystery, regret, aspiration. Sculpture is at once more restrained, and yet more sensuously real; painting has more freedom, more spirituality, precisely because the representation of any subject upon a plane surface is more abstract, more symbolical than the figure we can touch and walk round. The characteristic weakness in sculpture is to be limited and cold; of painting to be rambling, sentimental, or merely decorative. Hence, lastly, it is more akin to poetry, the course of which, both for gain and for loss, shows a constantly increasing predominance of the pictorial style over the sculptural; ancient poetry as a whole, laying its stress on setting forth the situation in pure light and shade; modern relying upon the sentiment by which the situation is colored.

Let me hope that this introduction (too brief indeed for its intricate and finely shaded subject), will have made fairly clear the general character of those points in the four other fine arts, which may be also found in poetry. I have had some forerunners in an attempt of this kind; Lessing in his essay, already named; Leigh Hunt in his valuable book on "Imagination and Fancy." What, however, I have aimed at, is something more precise and complete; and I hence beg a lenient judgment on the difficulties of an explorer; "It is no easy thing," as an old poet says, "to find a gateway for words hitherto unspoken."

Let me now turn to the more pleasant task of illustrating my theory by examples. But as we must naturally begin with sculptural style in poetry, I had best note first, a subtle, general influence in favor of that style lying in the structure of language of itself; which, as I have already remarked, may possess inherent qualities analogous to sculpture, above and irrespective of the poet's own treatment. The Greek and the Latin possess these sculptural qualities; and their literature, prose and verse, is hence broadly marked off from modern literature as sculptural. No one can read a speech in Sophocles, a stanza of Horace, without feeling this difference; and if he can read them only in a literal English version, he will most probably be conscious of a bareness, a want of color, a something cold and repellent in the ancient style. The

\* Sculpture in the ancient sense is here always intended. The work of the Gothic artists, with the

lovely development which the earlier Italian Renaissance produced, under the form of sculpture, is essentially painting; sometimes even (as by the essentially pictorial genius of Michael Angelo) confused with it.

modern medium, in fact, cannot do justice to the peculiar quality of the old. We can paint better than we can carve, whether in words or in marble. And the trace of harshness which is perceptible in my latter metaphor — *carve in words* — of itself betrays the deep divergence in this matter between the word material of the classical and the romantic languages. This general sculpturesque tone, from which the poets of Greece and Rome could not escape, of course did not forbid them from giving their style a pictorial character, when this chanced to suit their taste as a matter of art, or was sympathetic with their subjects. Yet, as their material was by its own nature inevitably sculpturesque, their word-painting (to use in a strict sense that often-abused phrase), will always seem to us in some degree severe and low-toned, if compared with modern pictorialism.

If we now look close at this sculptural quality inherent in the Greek, and still more, in the Latin language, I think we shall find that it is largely, though not wholly, derived from the simple fact that these languages are highly inflected. Hence their syntax (to take the definitions given by Mr. Earle, in his admirable book on English philology) is *flexional*, not, as mainly in modern languages, *collocative* and *phrasal*.<sup>\*</sup> The significance of this in regard to poetical style may be shown by a single example. *Man loves pleasure* can only be expressed by us in this particular order; syntax and sense depend absolutely on the arrangement of the words. But Greek and Latin can arrange them in six different ways, and they will yield the same meaning; the form of the words, not their order, conveys it; and this plastic facility is enjoyed by prose, as well as by poetry. The Greek and Latin words, further, not only have accent, like ours, but also a pretty strictly defined quantity, long or short, for each syllable; and upon quantity their metrical forms were based. By the union, then, of an inflected vocabulary and a quantitative metre, a poetical style became possible more severe, more sharply cut, more concentrated, more simple and direct in expression, than any which modern language can offer. The old poets could hence trust to metrical form alone, without the coloring, as I called it, of rhyme; they could use metres much more varied and flexible than ours, because they were infinitely more at liberty in the arrangement

of their words.\* Their word material is more plastic; more free, in a certain sense; and yet more self-restrained.

These qualities all look towards sculpture; and I might argue also that the same tendency appears in the classical vocabularies. Their words seem to be used more in the "first intention" than ours; to be less tinged and aided by association, more distinct, more "presentive," as Earle names it; more like coins, not so worn by long use into counters. "Modern languages," on the contrary, "have a continuity of development and a flexibility of action, and growing out of these a power of following the movements of the mind, such as was never attained by the classical."† Hence, they are also more pictorial in general tone. But this subject would lead me far, and out of my depth. It is enough that we should clearly note the twofold source of sculpturesque style in classical poetry; the special source derived from imitation of the art itself, the general, from the language, — and try to keep them well apart in our criticism.

Homer, — if the use of that honored name may be permitted to one who cannot help believing that a true poem is the work of fervent creative art, not of ingenious agglomeration, still less of imitative artifice, — Homer, by natural right of his poetic primacy, seems to offer the purest examples of the sculptural style in its deepest essence. And he has this quality, perhaps, in more absolute purity, because Iliad and Odyssey are allowed, except by one extravagant theory, to date before Greek sculpture could have supplied much suggestion to Greek poetry. Indeed, the influence was, here, in the contrary direction; what the ancient critics noted as characteristic of Phidias, the "united grandeur and accuracy of his art,"‡ being precisely the qualities to which that great sculptor's widely attested admiration of Homer would lead him. Simple grandeur, — direct and impersonal presentation of images and scenes, — intensity of tenderness, restrained, but more intense through its severe restraint, — these have always been among the best

\* The fact appears to form a great additional obstacle to the attempt to transfer to English verse the ancient quantitative metres.

Milton, of all modern poets known to me, has approached nearest to the freedom in the word-order which belongs to the inflected languages; Dante next after him.

† Earle, as before, § 654.

\* The Philology of the English tongue, by John Earle; chap. x., ed. 1873.

‡ Τὸ μεγαλῆον καὶ τὸ ἀκριβὲς ἄμα; Demet. de Eloc., 14, quoted by C. O. Müller, Ancient Art.



recognized "notes" of Homer; and these I claim as of the very essence and soul of sculpture. Well-known examples are the scenes where Helen and Priam stand together on Troy walls, surveying the besieging Achaean chieftains,\* and the visit of Priam to beg Hector's body of Achilles. Let me quote two simple specimens.

In the first, Homer is describing how, when the perilous night foray of Diomedes into the Trojan extramural camp was planned, the Grecian chiefs crowded forward to follow, — Meriones, the two Aiantes, Odysseus, and Menelaos, Agamemnon's brother. Diomedes is to select his comrades. Then Agamemnon the king gives his final counsel. He must wish Diomedes and the Achaean cause success; but his dominant feeling secretly is love for Menelaos, whom he knows to be at once eager and unequal to such an enterprise. Yet Agamemnon cannot directly command Odysseus's choice; he cannot, either, openly avow a conviction which might seem dishonorable to his brother; he can make no open pathetic appeal. This is a complex, a modern situation; even to sketch it out I have used many more words than Homer. He says only:

*"Diomedes, dear to my heart, among the many who are longing and offering themselves, choose, as thou wishest, the best companion. But do not put aside the bravest and select the weaker man; do not yield to the thought of reverence and regard for his birth, even though he be born more royal."*

*Thus Agamemnon spoke. But he was fearing for the bright-haired Menelaos.†*

\* This is not the place to enter on the great Homeric controversy, — the hundred years' war round Iliad and Odyssey. Yet, from the view-point of poetry, I will indulge myself in protesting against that mode of criticism which attacks the integrity of the Iliad on the ground that the exquisite scene referred to has been "misplaced" from the beginning of the siege, and is wholly improbable when transferred to the last year of the war. Homer, may, indeed, have regarded that war as a real series of events. But, as a poet, he knew how greatly this picture would add to the interest and the pathos of his narrative; and, in the exact manner of Shakespeare, he has set aside, without remorse, annalistic treatment and the anachronism which shocks dogmatic pedantry, in favor of a scene which nature and art alike demanded.

English critics who find sceptical stumbling-blocks in discrepancies of this nature, must have Teutonized away their natural instinct for poetry.

† Τυδείδῃ Διόμηδῃ, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένῃ θυμῷ,  
τὸν μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γ' αἰρήσῃ, ὃν κ' ἐδέλγηθα  
φαινομένων τὸν ἄριστον· ἐπεὶ μεμιάσι γε πολ-  
λοῖ.

Μῆδ' οὐ γὰρ αἰδόμενος σῆσι φρεσὶ, τὸν μὲν ἄρεϊω  
καλλείπειν, σὺ δὲ χεῖρόν γ' ὀπάσσει, αἰδοῖ ἐκκῶν,  
ἐσ γένειν ὀρώων, μὴδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερος ἔστιν.

Ὡς ἔφατ'· εἰδόμενος δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ.

Il. x. 234-240.

With what delightful simplicity is the little scene set forth! We might say of it, as Wordsworth said of one his own exquisite ballads: —

It is no tale; but, if you think,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

What disinterestedness, if I may be allowed the word, is there in the representation; how left to tell its own story, to affect us like a statue, by its bare, colorless form, unhelped by comment or pathetic epithet! Only at the last the underlying sentiment of love reveals itself: *Thus he spoke, but was fearing for the bright-haired brother.*

Those who remember the not uncommon Athenian sepulchral slabs, upon which we see father or child moving off as if on a journey, and just looking round upon those they leave, — upon the survivors, — will perceive how near in style these bas-reliefs are to Homer's scene, will feel why I call it sculptural in the finest sense. It would be foolish dogmatism to set up one style against another, to back the old world or the new. Yet, — as I argued when speaking of William Barnes of Dorset, whom in this respect I boldly claim as truly and nobly Homeric, — I think we must confess that this mode of the pathetic, where the poet's words only tell the situation and the reader's soul supplies the sentiment; this sculptural form of pathos, when once we seize it, has a peculiar power to move us, in the most pleasurable way; whilst also, as not depending for effect upon the use of picturesque or pathetic epithets, it has a more lasting appeal to the human heart.

My next example is of the same class. But, here, the situation and sentiment are impressed on us by the simple contrast of two scenes. Perhaps this device of gaining effect through a contrast, in itself belongs more to painting than to sculpture. So the arts blend; or, rather, Homer is so great a master that he has a full measure of the pictorial quality at command also; as the ancients said, one finds everything in him: *ὅλως πάντεσσιν Ὀμηρος*. The moment here is, when Patroclus, through the withdrawal of Achilles in his anger from the war, has just fallen by the hand of Hector. I quote from Lord Derby's version; it is a little cold, but has the great merits of simple fidelity and freedom from affectation; perhaps the worst fault in translation from Homer.

But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet  
Had reach'd Achilles; for the war was wag'd  
Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy;

Nor look'd he of his death to hear, but deem'd  
That when the Trojans to their gates were  
driv'n,

He would return in safety; for no hope  
Had he of taking by assault the town,  
With, or without, his aid; for oft apart  
His Goddess-mother had his doom foretold,  
Revealing to her son the mind of Jove;  
Yet ne'er had warn'd him of such grief as this,  
Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss.

With this pathetic ignorance on Achilles's part of his friend's fate, — intensified in its pathos by the allusion to his own death, already revealed to him, — is set in contrast the conscious agony of his famous divine chariot-horses, driven before by Patroclus.

But from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds  
Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid  
Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand.  
Automedon, Diore's valiant son,  
Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,  
In vain with honey'd words, in vain with  
threats;

Nor to the ships would they return again  
By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray;  
But as a column stands, which marks the  
tomb

Of man or woman, so immovable  
Beneath the splendid car they stood, their  
heads

Down-drooping to the ground, while scalding  
tears

Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they  
mourn'd

Their charioteer; and o'er the yoke-band shed  
Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust  
defil'd.

It is of the essence of sculpture to deal with the elementary, the permanent, passions of mankind. Such passions, and the situations arising from them, will hence be true for all time, and if so, for ourselves; they will have a strange, distinct modern air through all their antiquity. I hope this quality will have been felt in the passages now quoted. The life and ways of an Achilles, — how far away are they already from us! Even farther from our mode of thought are these immortal weeping steeds, servants to man, but superior to man, as Zeus here points out in a passage which I have not time to quote, through their immortality. Yet the truth of the underlying emotion in the examples which I have given will assuredly be felt in English schools, whilst the higher culture survives in English education. We find our own feelings, our own selves, under Homeric disguise. And this modernness would be more perceptible, more marked, if we compared the average tone of Greek poetry in the later historical period.

Homer is far nearer to us, for example, when dealing simply with humanity, "with men as they are men within themselves," than we ordinarily find the lyrists and dramatists: he feels more with us, and we with him.

Now against his sculptural art let us set a contrasting passage from our own great early poet; asking pardon of Homer if, whilst he be represented only by translation, I quote Chaucer in his own beautiful words. It is the lament of Arcite when dying, from the "Knight's Tale" in the Canterbury Pilgrims. Arcite commends his soul as a legacy to his love Emelie.

Alas the wo! alas the painës stronge,  
That I for you have sufferd, and so longe!  
Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!  
Alas departing of our compaignie!  
Alas min hertës quene! alas my wif!  
Min hertës ladie, ender of my lif!  
What is this world? what axen men to have?  
Now with his love, now in his coldë grave,  
Alone withouten any compaignie.

Painting is the characteristic art of the Middle Ages, as sculpture was of Hellas. And these lovely lines (for which, I may add, Tennyson has a special fondness), seem to me as distinctly pictorial as those from the Iliad are sculptural. The plaintive cry, the reflections on life and death, the conscious pathos, the general tone, in short, are throw into even more emphatic contrast with Homer by the very likeness which, in many ways, unites the two poets in genius, in power over character, in simplicity of language. Yet a wide gulf parts the pure directness of the Greek from the sweet *naïveté* of the English.\* All that is implied by Christianity, by Teutonic sentiment, in fact, lies between them.

Other scenes might be quoted, such as Odysseus landing after the wreck in Phaeacia, in proof of Homer's place among sculptors. But the speciality of poetry, as against the fine arts of form, is to present images, not abiding in space, but passing before us in time-succession; and no poet has availed himself of this method more magnificently and perpetually than Homer. His rapidity of movement leaves

\* Childhood is always the same; and some tinge of Chaucerian *naïveté* may hence, perhaps, be traced in the pretty swallow-song, "Ἦλθ', ἡλθε χελιδὼν, which the Greek children used to chant in springtime, begging for little gifts. The threat to "carry off the little wife," if they are churlishly denied, is in true mediæval style: —

ἦ τὰν θύραν φέρομεν . . .  
ἦ τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἐσω καθημένην  
μικρὰ μὲν ἐστὶ, βρδὼς μὲν οἴσομεν.

little room for these situations of restrained pathos, of calm silent appeal. The straightforwardness of his language, the reserve in epithets, the preference of simile to metaphor, the absence of personal utterance, the poet latent and lost in his work — these are his constant sculptural qualities. But that peculiar power over pathos which marks the scenes I have quoted from the *Iliad* seems to me rare, comparatively, in later Greek poetry. I claim it as one of the most distinctive notes of Homer's own individual genius — as a proof of his true personality.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

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From Murray's Magazine.  
MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.  
AUTHOR OF "HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC.  
BOOK III. — FIVE YEARS LATER.

#### CHAPTER III.

BY the end of his first day at Mentone John Lawrence's mind was made up that he would leave again immediately — as soon, in fact, as civility to Lady Mordaunt admitted of his doing so. He did not, he told himself, like the place. It was pretty enough in its way, still he did not like it. It was a mere teacup, with a crowd of wretched invalids crowded together like ants at the bottom, and a wall of rocks all round which none of them could ever climb. It was sheer waste of time spending any of his fast-vanishing leave in such a spot, when there were dozens of places infinitely more worth visiting awaiting him further on. No, he would not delay. Why should he? there was nothing to detain him, he was as free as air, and it was rather absurd if a man could not make use of his own freedom without consulting other people.

At the end of a week, however, he had not gone, and by that time a certain disinclination to move which he had once or twice before experienced, seemed to have come over him. Some part of that familiar charm which had made Mordaunt more of a home than any place he had ever had a right to call by that name, seemed to renew itself even under these altered circumstances. Every morning he made up his mind that he would start next day for Genoa, and every night, after spending the evening at Les Avants, he remembered, as he walked back to his hotel, that he had forgotten to announce that inten-

tion. Lady Helversdale had returned to England the day after her mother-in-law's arrival, so that Lady Mordaunt and her granddaughter were alone at the villa, and expected to be alone for at least a month. After balancing the matter in his own mind for some days, the major all at once, for no assignable reason, arrived at an exactly opposite decision from his previous one, and decided upon remaining where he was for the present. There was no use, he told himself, in fussing. As for picture-galleries, even if he remained a month — and he had no intention of staying as long — there would be plenty of time for *them*, and as for scenery, everybody knew that there was no limit to the scenery to be seen along the shores of the Mediterranean.

One thing he was clear about not liking, and that was his hotel. It had filled up rapidly since the night of his arrival, and was more celebrated for the number of bedrooms it contained, than for the tranquillity which it bestowed upon their inmates. Partly at Lady Mordaunt's suggestion, partly because the idea fitted with his own bent for solitude, he betook himself and his properties at the end of a week to a couple of rooms, situated in a house half-way up the side of the hill which rose behind Les Avants. There were some five hundred steps, more or less, to be climbed before attaining this abode, and for this and other reasons it had not been taken that season, and the proprietor was willing to let a portion of it, even upon the understanding that the tenant was free to give it up if he chose at a day's notice. No one could call it a convenient situation, but the position, when attained, was superb. From the little brown balcony which ran round two sides of the house, and overhung the declivity, you looked straight on to the roofs of the houses below, and over their crowded confusions, to the blue sweep and splendor of the bay; the Cap Martin — usually to Mentonese observation bounding everything to westward — sinking into its proper place as a long green tongue of land with woods running seaward, washed upon both sides by low blue waves, danced over here and there with points of white.

Upon this balcony it became our major's habit to imbibe his morning cup of coffee, and smoke his morning cigar. At the back of the house, mounting so suddenly that a few yards off it came to be on a level with the upper windows, there ran a small lane, paved with loose stones, and shut in upon either side with a high wall,

in which were two doors, one opening into the garden of the house he occupied, the other into another, and larger one, upon the other side. This garden seemed to be chiefly given up to pumpkins, lolling their globose heads along the ground, and was overshadowed by a couple of immense loquat-trees, while in the centre stood a small mysterious pink house, with a solitary aperture, always tightly shut in by a pair of green discolored *contre-vents*. It was never apparently visited by any owner, but there was a gardener who possessed a fine baritone voice, which could be heard sounding, now from a tomato patch, now from a clump of cassias or loquats, half extinguished as he stooped to ply his avocations, but anon booming into sudden resonance as he stood upright. This man—his name John discovered to be Giacomo—possessed in addition to his baritone voice a wife, whose magnificent black eyes used to come flashing up the lane, as she appeared carrying her husband's dinner in a striped red pocket-handkerchief, whereupon the two used to adjourn together to eat it in the shadow of one of the walls.

Rather to his own astonishment the major developed a considerable liking for all this. He liked to sit upon the balcony, and watch the lizards darting hither and thither, their vibrant tongues outstretched in search of flies, coming nearer and nearer, until one, more audacious than the rest, would perhaps cross his foot, or vanish with a crackling noise under his newspaper. It amused him to speculate upon the ways of Giacomo and his wife Battista, and through them, of the other *Giacomos* and *Battistas*; to listen, however unavailingly, to their talk, and return a friendly nod to their beaming salutations. He took, too, with fresh keenness to his old pursuits, and spent a good many idle hours amongst the olive-yards and upon the stony ridges of the hills, getting intimate with the ways of Mentonese ants, and authoritative as regards the habits of that socially important person, the trap-door spider, who, if aware of its own distinction, must be gratified at so notable a triumph over immemorial prejudice.

Better still, he liked to get into that region of absolute stoniness which lends so peculiar a character to the hills about Mentone. It had been a surprise to him to find such possibilities of wildness, almost savagery, so near the beaten track. Warm as it continued to be in the valleys and upon the littoral, a good deal of snow had fallen up here since his arrival, and

there were rock-pockets and unsunned recesses full of it. Where the olives cease, and the reign of pure rock begins, these hills are crossed and recrossed with minute footpaths, scratched rather than worn, invisible altogether in some lights, and coming out stronger in others, like wrinkles upon an aging face. Higher still there comes a point where these too cease, and save at one or two places where paths have been cut and mules occasionally pass, a visitor is nearly as rare a vision as upon the sky-kissed summit of Monte Rosa or Mount Ararat.

The major liked to linger in this upland region until the short afternoon had waned, and the sun was beginning to throw deep, indigo-blue shadows across the fluted ridges. Then, taking the slope of the hills for a guide, he would scramble down, first over sheer rock, then across a neutral ground where green battalions of pines were yearly pushing upwards, and clinging with tenacious clutch to spots where a roothold seemed an impossibility; gradually attaining to the conquered or half-conquered portion of the slopes, where the feathery foliage of olives began to mingle with the denser spikes of the pines, and where an occasional wall, banked up with earth, told that the interminable struggle had again begun. On and on, till the supporting walls grew closer, and perhaps a white or pink-faced house, close shut and deserted, lifted itself out of the encompassing greenery. Then the first indications of habitation—the bark of a dog; a few belated olive-pickers, lifting black, astonished eyes from their baskets to see who was passing; the cheery *buona sera*, exchanged with some beetle-browed woman stirring *polenta* upon her doorstep. Then duskier still and duskier, as the rapid southern night gathered its pinions about him. A stony footpath, stumbled upon by accident; a flock of sheep being incited to commit trespass by its small, hairy-coated guide; the keen, aromatic scent of the rosemaries and junipers, strengthened under a dash of dew; then, counteracting these, a flavor of tobacco and garlic; the last steep descent; a bridge over a nearly waterless torrent bed; the sudden, ear-piercing shriek of a locomotive; and Mentone, with its many-twinkling lights and its hundred and one hotels, was again around him.

After a day spent in this peripatetic fashion he would saunter up of an evening to Les Avants, and devote the time till bed-hour to Lady Mordaunt and her granddaughter. Young Mr. Cathers, he

soon discovered, seldom came at that hour. His alarm of his future grandmother-in-law was evidently not entirely a humorous pretence, and he preferred enjoying the company of his *fiancée* at hours when he could do so without the constraint of her presence.

There was no question of an immediate marriage, so the major, not a little to his relief, learnt — It was to be postponed at least six months, possibly a year, in consideration of the youth of the bride, and also of the health of the bridegroom, whose lungs, despite the blooming vigor of his appearance, were still held to require attention.

Personally, nothing could be more civil — as with some inward irritation he could not but admit — than the young man's manner to himself. If there was anything not exactly cordial in his own behavior — and he could not but suspect there must be — the other either did not perceive it, or had made up his mind to overcome it by his own geniality. That the voice of the locality was in his favor, too, there could be no question. Setting aside Lady Mordaunt, whose animosity dated, she had admitted, from quite a recent period, he was unquestionably a popular personage at Mentone. He had established himself indeed upon a footing not at all usual at his age. The amount of local hospitality was not just then large, and of that limited quantity a considerable proportion was exercised by his mother and himself, rather by himself and his mother, for that good lady never went the length of ordering a cup of tea or a saucer of ice without the concurrence of her son.

From what Lady Mordaunt had said the major was prepared to find them established with some luxury, but the size of the house took him by surprise. It would have been a large one anywhere, and was very large for Mentone. In style it was Italian, or pseudo-Italian, and if not unimpeachable in point of architecture, the general effect was certainly good. There were two loggias, one in a tower, the other opening out of an upstairs sitting-room, which was the special property of the young master of the house. That description might indeed apply with perfect propriety to every corner of it, for his hand was visible throughout, and if the decoration inclined to the heterogeneous — to a wild helter-skelter of all conceivable styles and colors — that, after all, is a fault for which the sun of the south has a traditionary kindness.

It was the garden of the Villa Splendide

— the Cathers, to do them justice, were not responsible for the name — which constituted its chief feature, and of this garden the most important points were the palms. Of these there were a great many, four especially, which stood in sentinel fashion on each side of the house, being of exceptional height and amplitude. They had not been grown where they stood, having been only placed there some six or seven years earlier by the previous proprietor, a Parisian banker, from whom the Cathers had taken it. A palm is a wonderfully complacent vegetable, however, and no one looking at the ribbed splendors of their shaft, or the crowning glories of their magnificent coronals of fronds, would have believed in so recent a transportation.

Naturally the major was not long at Mentone without renewing his acquaintance with Mrs. Cathers. She had not altered much since his first recollection of her. Her contours were, perhaps, somewhat more redundant, but to make amends, her toilettes were decidedly less brilliant than they used to be. It seemed to him too that she talked less, and that her colloquial fluency had sustained some corrective touches — changes which he shrewdly suspected to be due to the restraining hand of the all-accomplished Algernon. To do that brilliant young man justice, he appeared an excellent son. After all possible prunings and tonings had been effected, good Mrs. Cathers's air, style, and conversation were scarcely what so fastidious a young gentleman could be supposed to feel proud of presenting to the world in the person of his surviving parent. No symptom, however, of so unworthy a sentiment ever, so far as the major could observe, appeared in his manner or conversation. This may have been only a refinement of taste, but it had all the effect of good-heartedness, and as such he was ready to give him credit for it.

As regards another and an even more important point — his devotion to his *fiancée* — he was much less satisfied; perhaps it would be truer to say that, as time went on, he tried to be more dissatisfied than he really felt. He was in love — oh yes; no doubt he was in love, but was he as much in love as he ought to be? that was the question. Had he any idea what a generous, what a large-hearted, what an exceptional nature the beneficent heavens had bestowed upon him in the person of his future wife? or was it only her more obvious, as it were adventitious, claims to consideration — youth, good looks, rank,



all that is summed up in the word position — which attracted him? John Lawrence's private opinion — but this, it must be remembered, was a prejudiced one — was that the latter was the case. He did not believe, with all his evident intelligence, that he was capable of anything else, and the more he saw them together the less he believed it.

Upon the other hand there was — unfortunately as he felt — no doubt at all about the girl's feelings towards her betrothed. He believed her to be under a rapturous hallucination, to be living in a silver-lined cloud of idealization, one which being seen only from the inside, the lining alone was visible. She was very much in love, of that he felt no doubt. It was first love, in its most ardent, most impressionable, most ingenuous form. Lady Mordaunt's theory of the matter had evidently been based upon a misconception. However the declaration may have come about, he felt sure that the hero of it had no occasion to threaten a speedy consummation in order to ensure acceptance; on the contrary he believed that the acceptance when it came had been pronounced with gratitude, with a rush of wondering happiness in which head, heart, taste, all went together in consenting union.

Let one be as prejudiced too as one would — and in his secret soul our friend was conscious of being about as prejudiced as a man could be — it was impossible to deny that there was much about this youngster which to a girl of seventeen must make him seem a very fit object for idealization. Elly, moreover, had never been wont to do things by halves. If she liked you, she liked everything about you, and her liking only became the stronger under the stimulating effect of opposition.

This essential element, which under ordinary circumstances might in this case have been fatally wanting, was amply supplied by the position which Lady Mordaunt had taken up, indeed one unfortunate result of the engagement was the sort of half-estrangement which it had brought between the granddaughter and grandmother. Of her lack of appreciation of her future grandson-in-law, the latter, as we know, made very little secret. On the contrary, flaunted it in the face of all men.

"It is an odd thing," she said one day, when the door had just closed upon the lovers, and she and the major were *tête-à-tête*, "it is an odd thing, but last year I was rather inclined, do you know, to like that young man than otherwise. He seemed less opaque, more perceptive,

more anxious to make himself amiable than most of the young gentlemen of his standing. But since he has been what may be called a member of the family, though his amiability has not diminished — quite the contrary — I find myself growing hourly to hold him in greater and greater detestation. It is as much now as I can do to contain myself when he comes into the room. It is very unfortunate, and I am aware the fault must be on my side, but still the fact remains. If you could enable me to see him with different eyes, I should be only too thankful, but what can I do? It is to me as if he were one of those nasty sea-creatures of yours, which pretend to be flowers, and all the while are horrid little beasts, with a whole armament of nasty little stings. He seems so essentially meretricious — as a work of art, I mean — like an indifferent picture copied by a fifth-rate copyist. His very good looks have come to wear a tawdry aspect in my eyes; the looks of a barber's block — a very expensive barber's block, I willingly grant you, but still in that style. If you are told some fine day that I have thrown a teacup at his head, you had better make haste to contradict the report before inquiring into the facts. As to amiability, no wonder he is amiable when he has all the cards in his hands. He knows that though I may snap, I have absolutely no power, that the thing is as much fixed and settled, I suppose, as if they were married already. When I think of that child Elly as his wife, I really can hardly contain myself. It is not, believe me, anything so vulgar as his want of birth, or of his money having been made in trade. If these come into the matter they are mere straws and chips. What I feel about him, I should feel just the same if he were a young duke. His blankets are infinitely less distasteful to me than himself."

To this and many similar outpourings the mayor answered very little, as little, in fact, as he could. There seemed nothing to say, and he had a masculine objection to kicking his toes against the pricks of an established fact. That he agreed with Lady Mordaunt it is needless to observe. To him, more even than to her, the idea of this marriage was repugnant beyond all words. He even went the length several times of assuring himself that the girl were better dead than married to that young man. And then — with that recoil from an exaggerated antipathy which an honest mind feels — he would ask himself what justification he had for taking so ex-

travagant a view of the matter. Here, upon the one hand, was a young lady well born, but penniless — for even her grandmother's money, which under happier circumstances might have come to her share, would be needed to keep up the credit of the future head of the house — and here, upon the other hand was a young man of exemplary conduct, as far as any one could say, of agreeable manners, irreproachable tastes, and princely, or grand-ducal fortune, who asked for nothing but the young lady herself, without the addition of a penny piece. Was that the sort of suitor any one in these days could be expected to treat with scorn?

Of the more serious flaws which had seemed to him observable in the boy Cathers — a want of manliness, and a decided turn for ingenious fibbing — it is only fair to say that, so far, he had not seen a symptom. They appeared to have vanished in company with his sullenness and peevish irritability. Unquestionably he had altered very much, so much as to amount to what might fairly be called a transformation. How far it was a change of nature, if there is such a thing, or how far the more pleasing qualities had merely overlapped the others, time alone could show. Where the major did now and then catch a glimpse of what in his own mind he called the hairy hoof, was in a certain over-accentuation in his tone about money. His consciousness of his wealth seemed to be not merely chronic, — that, perhaps, was natural — but acute, as if it was never much further from his mind than the small change from his trousers pocket. Another trait which seemed to show some want of what are called the right instincts, was a sort of nonchalant consciousness, which he now and then let slip, as regards the fact of his *fiancée's* rank and social standing, though even this was an accusation which he felt it would be rather difficult to substantiate.

A little incident which happened one afternoon brought out these two traits it seemed to him with some distinctness.

He had gone in response to an invitation to see a picture — one of a series — which was in process of painting at the Villa Splendide. It was part of young Cathers's taste for the decorative that he had almost always a painter, sculptor, or artist of some sort engaged in executing commissions for him. This was to be one of a set of panels, with figures representing scenes of local life, destined to fill certain niches above the mantelpiece of the owner's sitting-room.

The painter was a young Frenchman of no reputation, but considerable self-belief, who chanced to be staying at Mentone, and with whom young Cathers had made acquaintance. When the major arrived upon the scene, the two betrothed young people and Mrs. Cathers were standing in a sort of courtyard at the back of the house, where an easel had been set up, and where the painter was busily at work.

A model had been secured, — the housemaid, in fact, of the villa, — who stood posed in the sunshine, with a basket of flowers on her arm, a small hat much askew upon her head, and no doubt in the first instance as much of an engaging smile as could be achieved upon her face. It was to be a scene of rustic courtship, and a lover was already hovering in the distance in the person of a good-looking under-gardener, a Sardinian. The arch smile, however, had effectually by this time fled from the model's face. The poor girl was evidently tired to death, and desperately bored by the whole proceeding. She kept her head in the required position, but her eyes, wearily revolving, seemed to ask when the hour's penance would be at an end, and she might return to the welcome relaxation of housemaid-ing.

Of these symptoms the artist — whose pictorially twirled moustache seemed a guarantee for his capabilities — was evidently unaware. He dabbled about amongst his oil-tubes and mediums; tried effects and effaced them again, threw in a shadow there, and a high light there, and then stood back to judge of the result; conscious to the full evidently of the gallery, but not at all of the discomfort of his victim. Elly Mordaunt was naturally less preoccupied.

"Poor thing, she looks dreadfully tired!" she said in an undertone to her lover, just as the major joined the group. "Don't you think she ought to rest, Algernon? Do please tell him so."

"Lady Eleanor declares you are wearing out your model, M. Flarien," the young man announced in fluent French. John Lawrence had already had occasion to remark his capabilities in this direction, especially in contrast to his own manifest inability to utter two consecutive sentences in the language. "It won't do to have her falling ill in the middle of your picture, will it? Tiens, Jeannette! here is something to comfort your tired legs, ma fille —" handing the girl a coin. "Remercier miladi," he added, carelessly in-

dicating Lady Eleanor with a gesture of one hand.

"No, no, not me! You will hurt her feelings, Algernon," she whispered reproachfully. "I think the picture will be very pretty," she went on to the girl with a blush, and in French which was neither so fluent nor so unimpeachable as his. "And very like you," she added.

"Monsieur Flaric is sure to make it *that*!" the young master of the house pronounced with an air of lordly connoisseurship. "I want him to do you, Elly—that is, if Lady Mordaunt approves. Well, as Jeannette is resting herself, we may as well go and rest too. Will you come upstairs to my den? I want to exhibit some things I got the other day at Marseilles. There are a lot of weapons specially which I am dying to have a dispassionate opinion about. I know Major Lawrence is an authority upon killing tackle, and there are some inlaid things—scimitars and yatagans—which I bought of a Jew, and which he told me came from Fez, but which ever since I have had a dreadful suspicion are merely Birmingham or Sheffield bewitched. Will you tell them to bring tea, too, there, mother? It is early still, but Elly has had a walk, and we should all feel the better for it. For my part, I am a Russian in my powers of tea-drinking."

They had their tea, and the scimitars and yatagans were duly inspected, their purchaser declaring that he knew that he had been grotesquely imposed upon, but that the old fellow was so diabolically plausible, and anything Oriental had such a fascination for him, that he could never help his desire for possession from appearing in his face, with the inevitable result of sending prices sky-high in a twinkling.

Suddenly he interrupted himself in the midst of his disquisition to declare that they were wasting the afternoon; they must come out again into the garden and see the yuccas, three of which he had discovered that morning to be in full blossom. Elly and the major must see them at once.

They adjourned accordingly into the garden. Here, as was natural, the lovers were presently discovered to have strayed away down a by-path, presumably in search of the yuccas, leaving the major to the entertainment of Mrs. Cathers.

He had no dislike for that amiable lady, quite the contrary. There was even a certain mild amusement to be found in her evident struggles to keep watch over

her colloquial infirmities, and in all things to recall what was required of her by the higher powers. It was absolutely impossible for her to converse upon any earthly subject, however, except one, namely, "the goodness, brightness, majesty, and glory of the king"—her king, that prince and flower of young men, her son Algernon. Algernon's tastes, Algernon's extraordinary gift for languages, Algernon's paintings, Algernon's intentions for the future, Algernon's interest in flowers and his capability for remembering their dreadful Latin names, which all sounded to *her* alike; Algernon's return of cough this winter, and her anxieties in consequence.

"It's from my own side of the family he gets it, and that's the worst," she observed self-reproachfully. "My eldest brother had two daughters die of consumption; the second was a beautiful girl, just turned eighteen, she had been proposed to the year before by a baronet."

The major expressed suitable commiseration.

"Yes, indeed it was very hard upon poor Joseph, wasn't it? Thank God, Algernon isn't like that, only he has to be very careful. Indeed he generally is, that I will say. There never was a better son in *this* world than Algernon!" She paused as if lost in the contemplation of his filial virtues, then resumed.

"And to think of his going to be married! I declare I can't get used to it at all, and that's the truth! Not but what if he was to marry there's any one I'd choose sooner than Lady Elly—I suppose I ought to say Elly, only somehow I can't get my tongue round it. She's a dear girl, no pride or nonsense about her, no more than if she was nobody, and Lady Mordaunt too—so clever and agreeable; wonderfully clever, isn't she?—Lady Mordaunt, I mean. Some people says she's *too* clever, but I never thought so myself; we always got on ever since I first came to the country, so it don't seem like strangers. Of course it's very dreadful about the earl. Poor man, what a way he does seem to have been going on—all that horse-racing! I'm sure if I was Lady Helversdale I'd never have an easy moment. So sad for the family, too. Not that it matters so much for girls. Nobody would ever expect Lady Elly to take to horse-racing because her poor papa did, though indeed people *do* say that sort of thing is getting dreadful common amongst the aristocracy, ladies as well as the gentlemen. I can't say myself, for I haven't been not in regular society since I was a

girl; there are always terrible stories in the newspapers, but one never knows whether they are true or not; they must be putting something in to fill themselves out, mustn't they? My father belonged to the Wesleyan persuasion, and we were all brought up very strict. I was only once at a dance before I was married, and then I wasn't let dance. It was at a Mrs. Mellars or Medlars, I can't quite remember the name, though I know it began with an M—they lived in Russell Street, close to Russell Square. It was a big house with a porch to the door, and the servant that opened it had on knee-breeches and white stockings, I remember. It was the first time I'd ever seen such a thing, and I thought he must have forgotten his other clothes!"

Mrs. Cathers sighed gently, then after this momentary diversion reverted again to Algernon, and his plans, and all the things he intended to do once he came of age, and how thankful she herself would be when that happened. "Not that there had really been anything to complain of in the trustees, still a young man—a spirited young man, you know, like Algernon—likes to feel free to dispose of his own money without consulting any one, as is only right and proper, seeing that it *is* his own."

It was not the most congenial of subjects to the major, still he had too much kindness to do otherwise than listen with due attentiveness to the good lady's outpourings. The edges of the walks were wet, and he observed that every now and then Mrs. Cathers made a violent clutch at her garments, which seemed heavier and warmer than the season, or at any rate the warmth of the weather called for. This attracted his attention to them, which otherwise he might have passed without notice, and having done so, he discovered here too traces of that filial tyranny under which she lived, moved, and had her being. That her costume was the result of her son's views of feminine attire was evident at a glance. It was of some heavy silken material of dark olive, shading into a black, and fell over her ample figure in sculptural folds which would have done honor to a Roman matron. Unfortunately for the general effect, in her hasty exit from the house she had snatched up a sun-bonnet, lined with magenta sarcenet, and crowned with a wreath of blue and pink flowers, below which her amiable countenance glowed with a double glow, that of the sun and the reflection of the magenta lining.

Having twice made the entire circuit of the garden, they paused at last upon the summit of a small detached eminence, approached by a succession of wide shallow steps, chipped out of the rock. Below extended a length of pergola, supported upon square pillars of loosely piled stones, and overgrown with a crowd of variegated creepers, red, purple, yellow—a perfect kaleidoscope of tints.

Mrs. Cathers seated herself upon a knoll, and wiped her forehead, tilting her sun-bonnet backwards for the purpose. The major set his back against a rock, pulled his moustache, and meditated effecting his escape. A couple of green fly-catchers came darting by with a rapid "click, click" of small brown bills, returning to a twig between whiles and panting vehemently from their exertions. Presently there arose a whispering sound of rustling boughs immediately below them, and, looking over into the bosky depths beneath, they saw the two lovers—their heads, rather, for everything below the shoulders was hidden beneath the cloud of greenery.

They were walking slowly along, engaged in earnest talk. Every now and then Algernon Cathers would hold back some long trailing bough, under which Elly would pass with her head slightly bent, then he would let it go, and the verdure would close in again with the same whispering noise upon their track. It was like the passage of some nymph and demigod in the old far-back youth of the world; the dark supple beauty of the one, the tall maidenly vigor and stateliness of the other, telling admirably as a composition. John Lawrence started. What there was new or unexpected about the vision he would have been puzzled to say, and yet it seemed to him somehow quite new and very startling indeed. It was almost as if it was the first time he had seen them together. His hand tightened unconsciously over a fragment of orange-blossom he happened to be holding, and an odd angry light came into his eyes.

For a moment the garden and everything around seemed to whirl and dance fantastically. A sudden sensation of scorching came over him; a wrath which seemed to break in waves across his breast. He felt carried out of himself, carried almost out of his own control, by the sight and all that it suggested. An impulse came over him—a perfectly insane impulse—an impulse then and there to spring down that broken flowery slope, and to rush between them; to thrust them

apart, if need be by main force. It seemed as if now, only now, he had realized that they were pledged; that henceforth they were one, not two. That she — Elly Mordaunt — belonged, absolutely *belonged* to that young man — that insinuating, black-eyed young man, whom he himself could crush with one hand as easily as he could a kitten. His hand clenched instinctively at the thought; his mouth set; all the lines of his face seemed suddenly to have grown older, harder, more accentuated. The mildest usually of men, he looked suddenly dangerous.

Mrs. Cathers, too, looked into the green abyss with an anxious and dissatisfied air. The sources of her dissatisfaction were, however, different.

"Deary me, I do wish Algernon wouldn't go routing about amongst all those moist plants!" she said fretfully. "I'd like to call and beg him to come up and anyhow to put his hat on. Do look at him, walking about with it in his hand! I'm afraid, though, he might be vexed. Maybe they don't know we can see them from here, and it might look like spying on them, mightn't it?" she added, addressing her companion appealingly.

But John Lawrence answered never a word. He could not. He was fighting a battle; one which required all the strength he possessed. Mrs. Cathers took this silence apparently as a sign of agreement.

"Ah well, maybe we *had* better leave them alone," she said, reseating herself with an air of resignation. "He can't get much harm so long as he don't sit down, and I do hope Lady Elly would have sense enough to prevent *that*. She'll have to learn to do so if they're going to be married, so she may as well begin at once. It is natural, after all, he should like getting her away by himself, isn't it?" she continued, a tender motherly smile curving her kind stout face. "Young men will be young men, and all young men like doing their courting by themselves. You know all about that, I'll be bound, major, though you do make yourself out so wonderful old and wise! You can't expect them to be *always* thinking of their healths, can you? Nobody can ever be young more than once in *this* life, and that's the truth!" the good lady ended, with a sigh.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE unprecedented amiability of the weather that season at Mentone was a source of much congratulation to all the little colony gathered about the feet of St. Agnese and her rock-crowned sisters. Day

after day the sun got up in a business-like fashion, swept the whole arc of sky without a moment's diminution of its splendor, and returned to bed with the same sort of matter-of-course magnificence with which it had arisen. It seemed as if the weather was wound up, and could not change for the worse, even if it tried. Socially, on the other hand, the season was not so well spoken of. The greater number of the villas were unlet, although the hotels, it was said, were crammed. The major, not being an *habitué*, was not of course qualified to form an opinion, not to say that the fewer people there were the better he would have been contented. There was a considerable muster, he observed, of chairs at Les Avants whenever he happened to drop in there of an afternoon, either in the little salon, or upon the little terrace outside, which latter, being covered with an awning, answered practically all the purposes of a verandah.

It was rather a surprise to him to discover how shy Elly Mordaunt often was upon these not very formidable social occasions. She dispensed the tea and did her duty in catering for the afternoon appetites of her grandmother's guests, but it was evident that she did it as a duty merely, and it was rarely that her voice was heard mingling with those of the other tea-drinkers.

How far this was due to the strained relations existing between her and her grandmother, it was difficult for him to tell, not having seen her previously. Personally he could not complain, for it had the effect of throwing them a good deal together, both, as it were, being outside the regular Mentonese set, as well as outside that passing world of travellers — celebrities, many of them, of a generation back — who lingered to pay a passing tribute to Lady Mordaunt. When no tea was in question, they used to saunter together round the little garden, straying often thence into the olive-yards or along the small steep walk which led from the gate of Les Avants to the beach and esplanade below. In this way they took up their old friendship again pretty much where it had left off, the broken links renewing themselves naturally, as the old habit of intercourse reasserted itself.

Unconsciously, rather than consciously, Elly let him see a good deal of her own life, its thoughts, fancies, pursuits, stopping short, however, of its most recent development. He could not, at times, help a certain amount of half-humorous mortification at the serene perception of



his immense age which she evidently possessed, and which gave its tone to everything she said. No doubt to the eye of seventeen he was a hoary veteran, a being of vast age and experience. For all that, he was, as a matter of fact, it must be remembered, barely thirty-eight, and at thirty-eight a man has a perfect right to consider himself a young man still if he chooses—as much right, many people would say, as a dozen years earlier.

Even Lady Mordaunt, to whom the difference between twenty-eight and thirty-eight would, probably, under ordinary circumstances, have been imperceptible, took—perhaps from habit—much the same view of the matter. More than once, when there was question of some expedition, to which she declined to let Elly go escorted only by her lover, the objection was instantly withdrawn when it was understood that Major Lawrence had consented to be of the party. Young Cathers, too, showed not the smallest symptom of jealousy, a circumstance which the elder man felt in some doubt whether to put down to the debtor or creditor side of that account which he mentally kept open against that fortunate young gentleman's name.

Long afterwards, in lonely moments, in interminable Indian days when the great heat made everything seem unreal and ghostly, on breathless nights when he lay broad awake listening to the recurrent sweeping of his punkah, those half-hours under the vaporish olives, or beside the peacock-tinted Mediterranean, came back to the poor major's mind with a vividness greater even than they possessed at the time. He could see Elly Mordaunt's grey eyes—eyes which seemed to grow lighter and darker from moment to moment, as some grey eyes do; her tall, alert young figure; the pure, somewhat severe lines of her profile, set in its masses of brown hair. He was not a particularly imaginative man, yet there was something about the girl's whole image which seemed always to suggest curious thoughts—thoughts of spring mornings, of wide, unbroken prospects, of everything large, simple, untrammelled; everything that was furthest removed from what was narrow, tortuous, conventional.

Despite her eyes, Elly Mordaunt was not, however, by any means a recognized beauty at that time, though she came to be spoken of as one in later days. She was not even accounted "winning" or "taking," gave herself, indeed, little trouble to win the suffrages of her neighbors.

It seemed as if her life had got into a waiting stage, as if she were walking about in a sort of suspense, expecting something, something that had not yet revealed itself. As a result of this indifference and dreaminess, she was not particularly popular; indeed, there were not a few people ready to wonder what young Mr. Cathers—such a delightful young man, and so clever—could see in *that* Lady Eleanor Mordaunt, such a dull girl, and not pretty even—oh, dear, no, gawky and stiff, and so *much* too tall!

John Lawrence lost himself in speculations as to her precise attitude of mind with regard to her beautiful lover, but he had only his speculations for his pains, for she never spoke upon the subject, avoiding with a sort of fierce maidenliness even remote and merely general references to it.

When at rest, her face generally expressed a kind of sober contentedness, no great outward exuberance, but a steady flood of happiness welling upwards as if from invisible sources. It filled the looker-on with pity, with sudden rushes of sympathy, with fierce irritation, all at once. Had she *no* doubts then? he used to ask himself, as he trudged up his twice two hundred steps of an evening, on his way back from Les Avants. Was she putting her life in absolute blind unhesitating faith into the hands of that—*that* young man? He never got nearer towards defining the owner of the Villa Splendide than this blank formula, the robustness of his prejudice not requiring, perhaps, any stimulus to flog it into greater violence.

Some evenings he abstained from going to Les Avants at all. He felt as if it was impossible to meet those trust-filled eyes without saying something; without thrusting upon her, however ineffectually, some warning; without imploring her to pause, to think again, before hazarding her all upon such a venture. How—knowing young Cathers as she had known him formerly—*could* she trust him so implicitly? he would ask himself with an ever-increasing astonishment.

It touched him by moments intensely, this confidence of hers, and yet it hurt him, hurt him as he had never in all his life been hurt by anything before. Soberest and least demonstrative of men, he grew quite rampant—it is true that it was always safely by himself—over the thought of those perils she was fronting so lightly. He appealed to her again and again in the most moving terms—when

she was not there — to pause, not to rush so heedlessly upon her ruin. "Child, are you mad? have you no eyes? Look! Think! Remember!" he would exclaim to the vacant air. Never having had anything to spare in the matter of comeliness, the poor major grew even leaner and grimmer than usual as he brooded over all this. He rambled in its company amongst the peaks overtopping his lodgings, and he watched it amongst the sparkling ripples of the bay beneath. If by moments he forgot it, it came back with an ugly rush like the remembrance of some approaching catastrophe. Again and again he upbraided himself with his own supineness, his own ox-like torpor. Yet what could he do? What excuse had he — a stranger — for interfering, when even Lady Mordaunt — who made no secret of her detestation to the engagement — contented herself with that negative condemnation; when every other relation the girl possessed in the world regarded it with hilarious satisfaction; when it was known to be the one subject which Lord and Lady Helversdale had been agreed upon for years?

He felt often sorry in those days for his kind old friend. Like many people, Lady Mordaunt was a little bit the victim of her own *rôle*. Her imperious ways, her grand air, her little sharp speeches, imposed upon others, imposed also to some extent upon herself. People heard them, but they did not see what lay behind them, and to which they were the mere screen and outer entrenchment. They did not see that there was a very tender, often a very lonely heart behind, a heart which craved for something which it very rarely got. She was a *grande dame*, it is true, but she was a tender-hearted old woman too, as no one knew better, few as well as John Lawrence himself. It seemed to him that Elly showed just a little hardness, a little want of tenderness, and even gratitude towards her grandmother. How far there had been any real confidence between them before Algernon Cathers began to loom large upon the scene he could not know, but it was clear that this confidence, if it had ever existed, had for the moment dried up; that the girl resented the poor estimation in which her beautiful lover was held, while the elder woman's pride forbade her to press for a reconciliation.

Sometimes he used to see Lady Mordaunt give a quick glance to where Elly would sit in a sort of open-eyed trance, her grey eyes fixed on space, her hands

hanging listlessly at her side. After this momentary glance the grandmother would look away again, sometimes with an angry jerk, sometimes with a short, sharp sigh, stifled in the utterance. She was more imperious than ever in those days, more sharp-tongued too, and autocratic, snubbing her visitors, French as well as English, with remorseless vigor. Indeed there was a certain much-decorated vicomte, a devoted and lifelong admirer of hers, who was so persistently maltreated one afternoon, that the major met him coming away afterwards in the garden, as he believed, in tears!

So matters went on, and one week slid into the next, and the weather broke and mended again, and the usual busy idle routine of the place went on. Since nothing remains absolutely the same, so now there was a slow but unmistakable change, and that change was in John Lawrence himself. He was aware of it, and yet not aware. He was not a man given to dwelling upon his own symptoms, to laying his finger physically or sentimentally upon his own pulse, and such a man may go on for a long time before he discovers his ailment; nay, even after discovering it, may ignore it. It was no new revelation to him that he was very fond of Elly Mordaunt. Had he not always been very fond of her? Even after the scene in the Cathers's garden, it took a long time to convince him that his interest was radically different from what it had been five years earlier, and after that a considerable time to make it clear that the difference was of sufficient importance to matter. Englishmen are a slow race, and John Lawrence was even typically Britannic in such matters. The revelation, like most other revelations, came, however, at last.

One morning it was proposed that the two young people, accompanied by himself, should eat an early luncheon upon some rocks on the further side of the Cap St. Martin, commanding a sweep of both lines of shore, each rivalling the other just then in color and sparkle. A carriage was taken to the end of the point, which was as far as it could go, and, followed by a servant carrying the luncheon-basket, the three betook themselves along a narrow walk which winds above the sea, between grey, bleached rocks and a grey-green flutter of cistus and rosemary.

Elly was in unusual spirits, laughing and scrambling over the crags as she used to do when she was a child. It was almost the first time John Lawrence had seen her so, for though her moods were

variable, they were all wont to incline to the side of sobriety. Algernon Cathers, too, was an image of radiancy, but this in him was no variety.

They had eaten their luncheon, and the basket had been duly carried back to the carriage, when it was proposed that they would walk home, following the undulations of the shore. Algernon Cathers at first demurred. The sun was hot, and he was not at all fond of the exercise; still for so short a distance, and with so undeniable an inducement, he was ready, he at last said heroically, to make the effort. When he flagged, Elly, he felt sure, would lend an arm to support his feebleness.

Upon arriving at the beginning of the esplanade, they sat down a while to watch the passers-by, who circulated up and down, some briskly, others listlessly, dragging weary limbs and gazing dully at the sea, as if nauseated of its blue; others, again, wearing that air of superabundant, almost apologetic vitality, which makes the possession of rude health seem less of an undeniable advantage in such places than elsewhere.

Amongst the crowd there presently passed a young man, who nodded with an air of familiarity to Algernon Cathers, and took off his hat ceremoniously to Lady Eleanor, who upon her side responded with the slightest and stiffest of inclinations. He was not a particularly pleasing young man. His complexion was sickly, his hat, as he replaced it on his head, had a rakish air, and his mouth a cynical twist.

"That was that horrid Mr. Davenport, wasn't it?" she said to her lover, after he had gone by. "I hope he won't pass us again; I can't bear him."

"Poor being! What has he done to merit your displeasure?" he answered, in a tone of mock commiseration.

"He has done nothing, of course; at least, nothing that I know of. Only I don't like him. I don't mean to know him. He has very disagreeable eyes. I wish you didn't know him."

"He happens to be a particular friend of mine."

"Oh, don't say that, Algernon, please don't! You know that you only say it to tease me. Everybody says he is not nice. He has called ever so many times at Les Avants, but grandmamma never will allow him to be shown in."

"Your dear grandmamma is not so particularly fond of me, if it comes to that."

Before she could make any reply, Mr. Davenport had returned along the esplanade. This time he passed at the back

of the bench they were sitting on, and as he did so touched Algernon Cathers lightly upon the arm, who immediately sprang up and followed him a few paces along the esplanade.

He came back rather hurriedly.

"Pity me," he said to Elly in a tone of self-commiseration, with a tender, lover-like glance of his beautiful eyes.

"For what?" she asked.

"For the worst of reasons. I have to leave you."

"To leave us! Why?"

"I must. Nothing short of obligation, you may be sure, would take me."

"Who obliges you? Is it that Mr. Davenport?"

"No, no!"

"Who then?"

"Some one who wants to see me."

"Who wants to see you in such a hurry?"

"Well, it's a little matter of business."

His expression, which had been slightly embarrassed, suddenly cleared, and regained its usual brilliantly ingenuous aspect. "The fact is—I didn't mention it, because it didn't seem fair, but as you insist—you remember the Lee-Warrens, who had that big villa near the Cap last year? Fred Lee-Warren, the second son, was rather a friend of mine, and seems to have got himself into a thorough scrape at Monte Carlo; Davenport brought me a message from him. He implores me to go over, and for the love of Heaven bring him some money; he is in pawn, it seems, to his hotel people, and can't even get away. A regular Monte Carlo message—the sort of thing you might put into a tract. I only hope he won't have put a pistol to his head before I can get there, he seems perfectly capable of it!"

"Oh, of course then go, Algernon. Of course you are right. Poor man, how very dreadful! Pray go quickly, and take plenty of money; don't delay, or you may miss your train; Major Lawrence will walk back with me." And she almost pushed him away.

He went, catching up his friend at the corner of the esplanade, and hurrying with him in the direction of the railway. A momentary doubt stole over John Lawrence's mind as to whether there could be anything behind this sudden mission of benevolence. The next minute he felt rather ashamed of his own suspicions. Young men frequently, it is true, tell fibs about Monte Carlo, but they rarely pretend to be going there when in reality they are going somewhere else.

The argument seemed conclusive, and yet — He turned and looked at Elly, wondering whether any shadow of suspicion had alighted upon her also. She was still standing in the same place, and looking in the direction in which Algernon Cathers had disappeared in company with his rather sinister friend. A faint smile sat on her lips, her eyes had the peculiar gleaming light in them which they always wore when anything stirring or adventurous was alluded to in her hearing. Evidently she was following her beautiful lover in imagination; seeing him arrive at Monte Carlo; sharing in that flush of gratified generosity with which he relieved his impecunious friend's necessities. John Lawrence felt indescribably irritated. By a common, if also a totally illogical process, it doubled his own previous suspicions. He felt certain now that that young man was up to some mischief. What was he up to, though? That was the question.

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From Temple Bar.

MEMORIES OF UNDERGRADUATE LIFE  
AT TRINITY FORTY YEARS AGO.

"To the glory of God, and advantage of the Realm, for the promotion of Science, Philosophy, Liberal Arts, and Theology, Henry VIII. founded Trinity College, Cambridge."

I SHALL always consider myself very fortunate in having gone up as a freshman to this "seminary of sound learning" in October of the year 1844, if only for two reasons. First, that I had the portunity of steering the Black Prince, head of the river (an opportunity which, I regret to say, has not offered itself of late years); and secondly, because I escaped the inconvenience, not to say danger, of having to eat my dinner with a steel fork. If my gums are to be lanced, I had rather it were done by a doctor. Steel forks were not abolished in our hall till 1843; and, indeed, during the whole of my residence, they were still in use at the neighboring big college; the story going that the dons refused to sanction the substitution of silver there, not wishing to make their men discontented with their homes. Other reforms, however, were much required, and were soon to follow. In 1844 our dinner hour was 4 P. M., when we were expected to dine all together (at all events, we had to be marked as present, especially in Newmarket weeks); a head thrust inside the swing door, and a cap held up sufficing for this ceremony,

one set of academicals often serving for ten.

The discomfort of so many feeding together at one time and place, however magnificent, must be apparent; and, consequently, many of us dined in our own rooms, and many at Litchfield's and other restaurants; thus the cost of college life was greatly and most unnecessarily increased.

On Sunday, however, being unable to get anything to eat elsewhere, we actually did, all of us, to the number of upwards of five hundred, dine together in hall; the music gallery being rendered available for the purpose. Imagine then the difficulty of finding people to wait on so many, with the appetites and impatience of youth (for it must be remembered that all the other colleges dined at the same hour). For this purpose bed-makers and their so-called helps were requisitioned, the latter a body of females (perhaps for moral reasons) selected for general unattractiveness of person; and I speak with a recollection unblunted by time, when I say how disgusting it was to see these creatures finishing the leavings on the plates and tossing up the heeltaps of our ale-glasses at the ends of the long tables. The dinner itself consisted of every possible joint of meat, with bread, vegetables and beer, all excellent of their kind, and at a reasonable cost. There were, however, extras to be had besides, such as soup, puddings, tarts, cheese, celery, etc.; these were called "sizings" — I suppose from the mathematical exactness of size one portion bore to another.

We called a waiter, asked for what we wanted, gave our names, and the soup (or whatever it was) was brought and charged to our private account. A ludicrous incident happened *à propos* of this. One poor man had the misfortune to be named Daniel Tom.

"Waiter," said he one day, "bring me some apple tart."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "What name?"

"Tom."

Waiter laughs, goes away, and is recalled.

"Will you bring me some apple tart?"

"Yes, sir, if you'll give me your name."

"I tell you 'Tom.'"

"Tom *what*, sir?" said the waiter.

"Nothing else," said the hungry freshman.

Final retirement of waiter, laughing and shaking his head; and so, after two or three similarly ineffectual efforts, Daniel

Tom was compelled to give sizings up as a bad job, and be contented with a strictly plain diet for the remainder of his natural undergraduate life. Looking back through a vista of forty years and more, one can hardly understand how it was possible for men, doing hard brain work, to sit down and eat a heavy dinner at such an astonishing hour. Still more surprising was the quantity of full-bodied port the dons managed to stow away at the combination-room desert, which immediately followed — all producing no visible effect, so that they put in a respectable, and even innocent appearance at seven o'clock evening chapel; to which, from the horse-shoe mahogany, they filed in solemn procession.

As for any remarks on the college itself and the dons, I will ask to be allowed to keep them for a future paper, confining myself at present to matters strictly relating to undergraduate life. To commence, then, I feel compelled to say that at this particular time the master, Dr. Whewell — "Billy Whistle," as he was disrespectfully called, on account of the peculiar sound of his name — was a very great trial to us all. Having been recently (*i. e.*, in 1842) appointed vice-chancellor, the authority incidental to that high office had apparently proved too much for him; and indeed it seemed as if he could hardly make the weight of it sufficiently felt. One or two instances of this will suffice; as that on one occasion, seeing some of us leaning over our bridge one bright morning of the May term, enjoying the beautiful prospect of "the Backs," he said, "Don't you know, sir, that this bridge was made for men to walk over, and not to loiter on?"

Smoking in college excited his greatest wrath. One day, suddenly appearing through the private door connecting the lodge with the cloisters in Neville's Court, he found himself face to face with my friend R. O. T., enjoying his post-jentacular weed.

"Don't you think you're disgracing yourself, sir?" he roared.

"I was not aware of it, sir," said T.

"Well, sir," said Whewell, "I think you are."

In those days, if an undergraduate had the misfortune to be invited to tea at the lodge, he was compelled to cancel any previous engagement he might happen to have — to dinner or otherwise — and obey the master's command. Nor, on his arrival, was he permitted to divest himself of his academics, or sit down, even for

a moment, in the master's presence. If an inexperienced freshman chanced to violate either of these conditions, a junior tutor — more or less of a toady — was at hand to acquaint him with the royal requirements, and to see that they were instantly complied with.

On entering the great gate, a visitor may observe, on the right hand, an aperture tunnelled, a yard or more, through the solid masonry on strictly optical principles; making it possible for the porter, seated in his lodge, to recognize people passing in or out of the college. The origin of this engineering effort was as follows:—

One evening Whewell, on entering the college, brushed against a man coming out with a cigar in his mouth, "full blast," and rushing into the lodge open-mouthed, demanded of the porter, who it was who had just gone out smoking.

"I don't know, sir," said the porter, comfortably seated in his armchair, for the night was cold; "I saw no one."

"Well," said the master, "for the future I'll take care you *shall* see."

Accordingly, next morning arrived the masons — mallet and chisel — every one wondering what was up.

No one will be surprised to be told that Whewell, blustering about with such rough and overbearing manners, was constantly meeting with deserved rebuffs. One fine day, T. C., coxswain of our Cannibals, having been twice before his tutor for breaches of discipline, found himself, on a third occasion, as was usual, before the master.

"Well, sir," said Whewell, "what are we to do with you? You break all the college regulations and defy authority. I must write at once to your father."

C. "I have no father."

W. "Well, sir, then give me your mother's address."

C. "I have no mother, sir."

W. "Then tell me who's your nearest relation."

C. "I have no relations, sir."

W. "Don't trifle with me, sir. If you don't tell me some one I can write to, I'll rusticate you on the spot."

C. "Well, sir, if you *must* write to some one, I suppose you'll have to write to — the *parish*."

Before I proceed further with anecdotes of my own times, I should like to tell one or two stories of undergraduate life immediately preceding it; and first must come the institution, by T. T. (son of the great chief justice of Common Pleas), of the Society



for the Prevention of Cruelty to Undergraduates. This was in the year 1843, when the dons thought fit to make a sudden raid on the men for not keeping enough chapels—the number required having been recently increased. Now, inasmuch as it was plainly observable that the dons *themselves* were, many of them, very slack in this particular (some indeed in my time keeping only Sunday evenings), an arrangement was made to mark *them*, have the result printed, and, at the end of every week, posted on the hall screens. At the end of term the don who was found to have attended the most was to be presented with a Society Bible. The affair flourished for some time, and the dons were proportionably furious, till at length all was discovered by a tutor's gyp, who had to go to T.'s rooms with a notice, and could not help seeing the proof-sheets of the last week's attendances lying on the table. It is noteworthy that the first Bible-presentation was made to Perry, senior wrangler in 1828, at that time one of the tutors, and subsequently Bishop of Melbourne; it was also said that Carus—the senior dean—was greatly mortified at being only second, and losing the prize. It is hardly necessary to add that the author of the conspiracy was recommended to take country air.

Very good stories were flying about of which B—w was the hero. One night, being engaged to an in-college supper, he unfortunately did not reach the gate till five minutes past ten. (After ten no out-college man could enter; nor could any in-college man go out.) B. however rang the bell, and to him appeared a vision of an under-porter's face reconnoitring through the peephole, of course refusing admittance, and saying, "It's as much as my place is worth, Mr. B., to let you in."

To him B., from without, persuasively: "Will a sovereign do it?"

The temptation was too great.

"Well, Mr. B.," said the janitor, "slip it under the gate, sir."

The coin duly appearing, the gate was gently opened; but no sooner so than B. was inside, and seizing the unfortunate porter by the collar, hurled him into the street and barred him out.

"Oh, Mr. B.," he cried, "Mr. B., for God's sake, sir, let me in, sir, it's as much as my place is worth!"

To him B., master of the situation from within: "A sovereign will do it; slip it under the gate."

The coin duly arriving, the porter was

readmitted, and B. went to enliven the supper-party with his story.

One of the subjects of B—w's matriculation examination had been Paley's "Natural Theology." Now B. had not opened Paley's "Natural Theology;" nevertheless, the regulations requiring him to remain ten minutes in the examination-room, he naturally ran his eye down the paper, and, to his surprise and delight, saw a question he thought he could answer. It was this: "What compensation has the Almighty provided birds with for the absence of teeth?" And this was the paper he sent in: "B—w. No. 5: Beaks;" the correct answer being, of course, gizzards.

In those days we were forced to take mathematical honors before being allowed to go in for classics. So B. went in with the rest, feeling he was a certain "pluck." These were two of his answers. 1. In hydrostatics, it was required "to describe the action of the common pump." This B. did by drawing a picture of the well-known Aldgate pump, with a street Arab drinking at the spout. 2. In mechanics it was required to "graduate the steel-yard." And this was his answer: B. 10. "Mr. B. cannot graduate the steel-yard; please to graduate Mr. B." So clever was it that the examiners had not the heart to plough him, and he appears triumphantly in the Calendar as the wooden spoon of his year.

Now, passing to my own times, what a curious sight does that October day annually present in Cambridge, when the streets are thronged with numberless replicas of paterfamilias, each leading about a hopeful son for presentation to his college tutor,—Freshman's Day!!

I recollect my old friend L. H., one of the best dons that ever lived, and still the tutor of the college, of which he ought long ago to have been the master ("Old Ben" the boys call him), throwing himself into an armchair at the close of one of these anniversaries with some symptoms of weariness, and, after a good yawn, saying he had been all day long receiving fathers and sons, and listening with patience to the former whilst they imparted to him, in strict confidence, one after another, that they had every reason to believe that their individual hopeful would come out senior wrangler of his year.

"Ah," said a sympathizing friend, "you must have been well-nigh exhausted by the time the door closed upon the last papa."

"Oh no," said H., "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"

How well can I recall *my own* first day of residence; when, having been duly fitted into my stiff blue gown, and cap with a tassel about a yard long, I appeared before my tutor, the Rev. J. W. Blakesley, the "Hertfordshire incumbent" of the *Times*, and eventually Dean of Lincoln. What a long-headed man he was! and the kindest and best of tutors. How well he kept his countenance when he expressed the hope he should see me in hall at four, and in evening chapel at seven, also regularly attending morning chapel during the winter months at seven.

On my return to my lodgings in Rose Crescent, I remember, a most unprepossessing female presented herself and at the same time a piece of paper, on which the word "Pepper" appeared. My father at once desired her to leave the room, as we did not require any of that condiment. Would that she had gone and never returned! but, alas! she was my allotted laundress. A good woman, I dare say, in many ways; but truth compels me to say, to use a sporting metaphor, that she was *hard in the mouth* and a *bad bringer*; and so, her mouth requiring to be over frequently softened at the gin-shop, my shirts contracted an unfortunate habit of pausing at the pawnbroker's on the way back to Trinity, from whence my bed-maker had to *retrieve* them, the *scent being bad*.

Until 1844 the Trinity gown had been the only blue one in the university, so we were rather proud of the distinction, and, consequently, felt more or less aggrieved when Caius adopted, or revived, one of the same color, with, however, a distinguishing badge of velvet, as the Johnians wear crackling (so called for the same reason that their bridge connecting the new and old buildings has been always known as the Isthmus of Suez). A striking feature of undergraduate life in those days were the noblemen and fellow-commoners. It is now some time since the levelling tendencies of the age and common sense combined to sweep away these distinctions. Noblemen, as such, were either actual peers (as it is said, "their own fathers"), or the eldest sons of peers. They enjoyed the privilege of wearing full-sleeved black silk gowns on ordinary days, and on scarlet days (*i.e.*, those upon which doctors have to wear their scarlet robes) they appeared gorgeous to behold in gold lace facings. Also, they were allowed to pay more than double fees for

almost everything, make a very handsome present of plate to the college, and, on leaving, to place their arms and heraldic bearings in the oriel window of the dining-hall. Last, and perhaps not least, they were entitled to occupy an elevated seat on the master's right hand in chapel (to quote Dickens) like large landed proprietors in Heaven. During my time there was an average of four noblemen in residence; amongst whom were Lords Denbigh, Gifford, Leigh, Derby, Bangor, Durham, Stamford and Warrington, Annesley, etc. The fellow-commoners were of two kinds—"hat" and "cap." Both wore pretty blue gowns trimmed with silver lace—a pleasant relief to the predominating black. The first, in consideration of their birth—for they were courtesy lords, honorables, baronets, and baronets' eldest sons—enjoyed the inestimable privilege of wearing a chimney-pot hat. The rest were usually *nouveaux riches* varied by an occasional bishop's son, and were distinguished by a velvet cap with silver tassel. These, altogether, averaged about twenty-five, and originated, as I was told by one of the tutors, in four parlor boarders taken by Dr. Mansell, master of the college from 1798 to 1820. The last fellow-commoners were Lords A. and Lionel Cecil half-brothers of Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Brewster French. Their names first appear in the Calendar of the year 1870.

I suppose it must be confessed we were rather inclined to be boisterous in those days. Certainly the New Court enjoyed the reputation of being a noisy place; perhaps because poor Thompson was about the only don in it, and he (as the writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* truly says) was so tender and forbearing towards "the boys," as he used to call them. Certainly the Westminster scholars were amongst the noisiest; perhaps they felt jollier coming up, as they then did, ready-made scholars, with no fearful examination before them for the distinction. Anyhow, whenever there was a row, Moonshine, the night porter (so called from the bright color the college ale had imparted to his countenance), always said, "It's them Westminsters." I consider, however, that we were an intermediate generation—a golden mean between the admirers of the P. R. who had passed away, and the heroes of the "crutch and toothpick," who, I am thankful to say, had not yet developed. Noise! It was only the exuberance of animal spirits, the earnest of enthusiastic hard work to be afterwards accomplished in the battle of life.

At any rate, in our times Trinity was grand both in play and work; on the river and in the tripos. The Black Prince, head of the river 1845-6-7, with three wranglers, during that time, and other honor-men, in it (one a fellow of the college), two members of the present Cabinet — Lord Cross bow, and Sir Henry Holland coxswain (whom I succeeded). Then in 1848 second Trinity head with the French ambassador stroke, and second classic of 1849. The sculls won by Sir P. Miles, third Trinity, in 1844; by W. P. Cloves, first Trinity, in 1845; by W. Maule, first Trinity, in 1846, and by Bagshaw, third Trinity, in 1847; pair oars also won by Trinity in 1844-5 — whilst, in the big race, Cambridge beat Oxford in 1846-7 — in 1846 by half a minute. Besides this, first Trinity won the ladies' cup at Henley in 1846 — the four-oars on the Thames — and, in the same year, W. Maule won the sculls at Henley. Then to turn to the tripos, Trinity had the senior classic in 1845-6-7-8, and in 1845 five out of the six men in the first class. Lastly, we had the senior wrangler in 1846.

I think I've said enough to show that if the college was foremost in *sport*, it was also foremost in earnest *work*. To say the truth, however, there were two things, but two only, I honestly regret. The boat suppers were too pronounced, and there was too much gambling at cards. I always hated this, and stuck resolutely to sixpenny whist; and I strongly recommend any one who wishes to get the greatest satisfaction out of his college life to do the same. It is hard to say which is the worst; to *lose* eight or ten pounds at loo or vingt-un, or to *win* it. If you lose it, you probably can't afford it; and if you win, you are bound as a gentleman to give your friends the chance of recouping themselves, and so on, *ad infinitum*, till the thing becomes a slavery; whilst continued late hours impair health, sour the temper, and make reading next to impossible.

Harmless were our moonlight races in the grand Old Court, though contrary to regulations — the fine being 2s. 6d. for setting foot upon the grass. It was found, however, practically that one could compound for half-a-crown a week. It may not have been altogether right of T. M. to remove the tradesman's big hat. It was, however, a good-natured bit of fun, and here is the tale of it: —

#### "THE RAPE OF THE HAT."

"A hat suspended over a well-known

tradesman's door in Petty-Curry (perhaps he was the original mad hatter) was of such stupendous dimensions as, naturally, to suggest its own removal. Accordingly the largest hat-box probably ever constructed had long been got ready for its reception; and, on a well-selected night (to use the words of Thucydides, describing the sally of the Plateæans, *τηρήσαντες νύκτα χειμέρινον ὕδατι καὶ ἀνέμῳ, καὶ ἅμα ὑπέλκον*), four conspirators — T. M. and G. S. being the leaders — with well-matured plans and a stout rope, met at the rendezvous. One dexterous throw, the rope was over — one wrench, the hat was down; three seconds, it was away round the corner; three minutes, it was in its box in M.'s lodgings. The usual consternation amongst the police and tradesmen followed, the usual penny-a-line paragraphs in the *Cambridge Chronicle* were written and read. It was, however, a fair joke, for the hat was so very big; and when T. M. took his degree and it was duly restored to its rightful owner, the affair was heartily laughed at by every one, including the hatter."

But perhaps the most disagreeable feature of my times, whether regarded by a donnish, paternal, or even by an undergraduate eye, was the constant recurrence of "town and gown" rows. These feuds seem to have existed as far back as any records of university life extend. They are peculiarly unsatisfactory, and even disastrous, to all *in statu pupillari*, involving often a broken head over night, with a highly probable rustication to follow in the morning.

The nones of November were very fatal days; and, on the Saturdays succeeding, the fighting was nearly always renewed, often with increased violence; the butchers (who get their living out of the university) being naturally our worst enemies. As Rochefoucauld says, "Men are apt to hate those who have obliged them."

It was on one of these nights that the Hon. T. B., whilst quietly walking home to Jesus, was felled by a brutal and cowardly blow from behind. He would certainly have been amongst the highest wranglers, but was so injured as to be obliged to "go down," degrade for a year, and be contented with the twenty-fourth place in 1850. He has since been one of our ablest M.P's. These disturbances, however, culminated in the celebrated "Tom Thumb riots," which took place in the May term 1846, on the visit of the well-known dwarf (the indirect cause

of poor Haydon's suicide). These were the most serious affairs of the kind ever known in Cambridge, and were immortalized by *Mr. Punch*, both with pen and pencil, in his tenth volume, page 163. The hero of the combat (called by Mr. P. "Sir Tom Noddy") was a great friend of mine. Small men are apt to consort with great—as they are also apt to marry tall wives—and C. A. M. was so fine a fellow as to be known throughout the university as "Big M.," other Trinity men of the same name having been successively distinguished as Red M., Black M., Dingy M. "Sir Tom Noddy" fought magnificently (as perhaps only Irishmen can fight) all night, and scattered so many townsmen that the events of the night were quite mixed in his memory. He was accordingly altogether surprised, on the following morning, to receive a summons to appear before the master and seniors to answer one particular charge, to the effect that he, M., not having the fear of God before his eyes, did wilfully and maliciously knock down and otherwise ill-treat one John Pleasance, a tobacconist, of Rose Crescent. Now the said J. P. was so insignificant a little man that I no more believed he knocked him down, or even struck him, than I believe in the sea-serpent; but I *do* know that M. got his cigars from Bacon (*Nimium ne crede Baconi*).

Well, the terrible hour of 11 A.M. at last arrived—the great bell tolled in awful cadence—the dons fell in solemn and almost funereal procession to the judgment hall, for which the combination-room was made to serve. The awful Whewell presided, the tutors, *in loco parentum*, duly attending to watch over the interests of their respective pupils, more especially Thompson—always prepared to do his very utmost for his own, and, if possible, restrain the ferocity of the master.

"Well, sir," said Whewell, in his roughest voice (I am pleased to remember that he never spoke to me but once, and that was in *viva voce* examination), "Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself in answer to the charge brought against you? Mr. P. (a most respectable tradesman) says that you knocked him down and seriously hurt him in the disgraceful disturbance last night."

"Sir," replied M., "I have no distinct recollection of the circumstance; I don't remember knocking down Mr. Pleasance. I know I knocked down a great many people, and I may possibly have knocked down Mr. Pleasance amongst them."

After this unfortunate line of defence, poor Thompson found it difficult to say much in his pupil's behalf; and the issue of the trial was at once apparent.

"Sir," said Whewell, "you seem to have behaved in a very brutal manner indeed, and the sentence I pass upon you is, that you, M., be rusticated for the period of one year."

And so it fell out that my big friend was obliged, as Hesiod says, "to hang up his oar (No. 5) in the smoke," and was for three hundred and sixty-five days relegated to the Emerald Isle, of which I am glad to know he remains an ornament to this day.

A very curious incident befell another friend of mine, which, from its rarity, I will tell. *Mr. Punch*, in his graphic lay to which I have already alluded, suggests, truly, that the dons of the different colleges were each and all acting on their own separate impulses—some, more or less, encouraging their men to go out and help their comrades, others shutting their college gates, and doing everything they could to rescue their men and bring them safely into college. And so it was that, whilst the gownsmen were marching in a compact body down Trinity Street and carrying everything before them, one of our dons, W. C. N., laid a master-of-arts arm on my friend G. and commanded him to accompany him into college forthwith.

"Where's the use of that, sir?" said G. "If you thin our numbers, you only leave the remainder to be worse beaten, and perhaps killed."

N. a second time seized G., and repeated his command.

"Sir," said G. in the excitement of the moment, "if you don't take your arm off me I'll knock you down."

This was awful, and away sped the infuriated little don into college straight to the lodge, and laid the matter before the master.

G. soon came to himself, and followed with proper apology, but, alas, it was too late; and, in spite of all Thompson could urge in his behalf in mitigation, he was rusticated, though only for one term. Poor fellow! on his return from his temporary exile he betook himself to somewhat miserable lodgings, and proceeded, in a more or less muddling way, to read mathematics for his impending tripos. Meanwhile the don, overcome with remorse at his precipitancy, had been appointed one of the examiners, and be-thought him if he could anyhow make amends. So he one morning knocked at

the wretched lodging-house door, and entered. "Ah, Mr. G.; reading, I hear, for the tripos. Let me see what you are doing. Well, I should not trouble about *that*. Lend me a book and a pencil. There now, read *that*, and *that*, and *that*; and then go on to page so-and-so, etc."

Now comes the curious part of the story. All the parts marked by N. were set in the examination; and, to his wonder and delight, G.'s name appeared as 36th junior optime, there being actually two men below him whom he used to delight to point out to his friends: "Do you see that man, sir, on the other side of the Parade? I beat him, sir."

I suppose the systems of management of the different colleges are much alike. I will mention, however, two little differences between John's and Trinity, because I want to hang a story on one of them. At Trinity, freshmen usually have to go into lodgings till the degree-men go down in January, when they are taken into college, and there they remain for the remainder of their career; whereas at St. John's, freshmen are taken in at once, and, in their last year, turned out to read for their degree. No doubt each system has a great deal to be said in its favor.

There was also another small difference. At *our* entrance at Trinity, we were only allowed twelve shillings weekly to our rooms from the kitchens; whereas at St. John's there was no limit whatever; it being thought that the cook's care for his own interests would be sufficient safeguard against extravagance, *i.e.*, that he would hardly allow a man to run up a bigger bill than he could afford to pay. However, by the end of his second year, poor G. T. M., bow of the Lady Margaret (often too near me to be pleasant in the long reach), succeeded in securing the cook's confidence in his paying powers up to £85. At length, some fine morning, a knock came at the oak, and the cook entered with his long bill, demanding instant payment; in default, threatening to go straight to the master, and other very terrible things. M. with consummate coolness thrust his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and extracting a crisp five-pound note, threw it contemptuously on the table, and said: "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly and write *fourscore*."

The last story I shall tell is a very sad one of one of the finest young fellows who ever came up to a university. W. L. G. Bagshaw, of Wormhill and the Oaks, Derbyshire, came up a ready-made oar from

Eton in my last term, October, 1847. As he was a freshman, and unknown, he easily got any odds he liked against himself for the Colquhoun sculls, which he won, and also bets to the tune of three hundred pounds. This was rather "steep," and was so much talked about that his tutor most judiciously thought it prudent to get him out of the way—especially as he had kept his term. So one morning he sent for him, and said: "Mr. Bagshaw, there's your exeat. I think on the whole you had better go down. I dare say you understand why."

"Thank you, sir," said poor "Bags," "that will suit me all round. I have won the sculls, got my three hundred pounds paid, and now I'll go home and get some hunting."

Besides winning the sculls, he had also rowed No. 6 (weight 11st. 4lb.) in the University crew which I steered against the Captains. This was my last race, and considerable interest attached to it, as it was the only eight-oared race in the October term, and had been for the first time changed from a "bump" to a time race. We managed to win by two strokes. Poor Bagshaw! Some little time afterwards, having heard that poachers had planned a raid upon his salmon, he got a body of watchers together and went with them himself in command. A fearful fight took place by the river-side, and in the middle of it Bagshaw was struck down by a blow from behind, fell into the river bed, and was stamped to pieces by the heavy boots of the ruffians. Such was this fine fellow's tragic and untimely end. I hardly like to sadden my paper with such a record; but it seems to me too striking to omit.

With this I close the memories of my undergraduate days, and in fancy seem once more to be kneeling before the vice-chancellor to receive my degree in *nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*, whilst behind, in the background, stands the old bedmaker, ready with outstretched and more or less grimy hands to help me on with the hardy-earned rabbit-skin, smiling at the prospective tip and proximate possession of my fender and fire-irons—her indisputable and oft-recurring perquisite.

Oh! how cruel is old Time, when, with one fell sweep of his scythe, he severs the friendships of those delightful days, and, laying his horny hand upon our shoulders, bids us scatter ourselves over the money-grubbing world!

J. S. P.



From Chambers' Journal.  
RICHARD CABLE,  
THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
THE YOUNG CUCKOO.

JOSEPHINE was wet, shivering, not unconscious, but as one distracted, unable to answer questions. A second time Richard Cable bore her in his arms; but before, she had been hot, with throbbing heart and heaving bosom; now, she was cold, trembling, and her breath coming in sobs. How she clung — with every finger as though it were a claw! Richard could feel each several finger through his jersey. Her gasping breath was on his cheek. She made no attempt to speak, to explain her conduct, to account for what she had been doing.

He did not ask anything after the first hasty query, but carried her in his strong arms as firmly, as evenly, as he had carried the bath of soapy water previously. He took her up-stairs, and placed her in his mother's chair in the same room with the seven little children. There were only two bedrooms in the cottage — that occupied by the babes and their grandmother, and his own; the latter a lean-to room, into which the stair opened, and where only on one side was it possible to stand upright. Mrs. Cable followed him silently. The first thing to be done was to change the girl's clothes.

"I will run to the Hall for a dry suit," said Richard.

Then Josephine started up and held out her hands with palms extended, quivering in remonstrance.

"Do you not wish it?" he asked gently. She shook her head. He saw that she tried to speak, opening her mouth; the lips were white, but she could not utter anything. "Sit down again in the chair," he said persuasively; "my mother will lend you dry things."

Then he went down-stairs and made up the fire. A second time Josephine had been in his arms, a second time he had saved her from a watery death, and this time she was seeking her death. What had happened at the Hall?

Richard Cable left the room below; he could not be quiet; a restless fit came on him, and he went into the garden. He walked about there, found the blue tub empty, and brought it indoors. He listened, but could not hear that Josephine was speaking. His mother was silently

attending on her. He heard the heavy tread of the old woman on the boards.

Ought he to go at once to the Hall and communicate with Mr. Cornellis? He did not know. Josephine evidently disliked the idea of his going there; but was it not his duty to go? He must wait a while till Josephine could explain what had occurred, and then he would know what course to adopt. He could not see the window of the bedroom from the garden; it looked out on the road; on the garden side was only roof. He went round into the highway and walked in the road, and looked up at the window. There was no light in it. No candle was needed; it looked north-west, and the northern sky was full of silvery light. Were all the children asleep? There was no little voice heard, not even that of the baby, who, as a privilege, was laid to sleep in its father's bed, and only taken into its grandmother's when she retired for the night. How shrewd little Bessie was! She would go to sleep in no other bed. In vain did her grandmother try to lull her to roost in her own room; the blue peepers would not shut. They looked dazed; and the heavy eyelids fell over them, then drew up again, and intelligence came into the eyes, and, alas, at the same time a peevish look, and whining began. Nothing would satisfy the tiny creature but to be put to sleep in the mean little lean-to room, on the small hard bed of the father, a bed he only occupied when off duty from the lightship. Of lightships, of duty, nine-months-old Bessie knew nothing; but she knew the lean-to roof and the little bed; and, by some mysterious instinct, was aware that it was her father's, and that she could sleep better in it than elsewhere.

When Richard Cable came up-stairs for the night, the baby was gone, but in the pillow was a dint such as his fist might have made, and he knew it was the impress of Bessie's head.

He had spent thirteen contented years with his Polly; he had been much attached to Polly, whom he respected; but there had been no close union of souls in their marriage. Polly was a lusty lass when he married her, a hard-working girl, much engrossed in her daily task, and able to think and talk of nothing else. Richard was a meditative man; his mind was always engaged, though his hands were sometimes idle. His occupation on the lightship had fostered this habit. He did not open to many; he had few friends, but every one respected him. He had inherited from his mother the tendency to

feel most interest in those who needed help, to love those who clung to him. His wife had been an independent woman, going her own eminently practical way, asking for no guidance and support, because she needed neither; but it was different, of course, with the babes; they all were helpless; they all depended on their father, and therefore they filled a greater part of his heart than Polly had done. It is the place of the elm to sustain the vine; it is the privilege of the vine to cling to and ramble over the elm.

Nature has made some plants creepers, and others sustainers. The creepers sometimes strangle their supports, if too embracing, contracting, exacting. A sustainer can hold up without hurt a vast amount of parasitic growth—honeysuckle wreaths, exhaling sweetness; evergreen, glistening ivy; crimson and gold clothed Virginian creeper. It is only when the clambering plant has thrown its tendrils over the head of the supporting tree, that the tree breaks down under its burden. It is wonderful, sometimes, what a glory a commonplace tree will acquire from the parasite that clings to it; in itself it is nothing; as a means of displaying its mate, it is beautiful. I have seen an old dead trunk wreathed about with wisteria, beautiful with the lilac chains that hung about it; surrounding it with an atmosphere of honeyed sweetness; and I have seen human wisterias clinging, trailing, embalming, adorning dead memories. Though what they envelop and beautify is dead, it matters not; it is something about which they can cast their arms and hang their chains of flowers, and breathe forth the incense of their innocent souls.

These same climbers deserve a chapter in the great gardening manual of human souls. How indifferent they are to what they lay hold of, if only they may have a support! How the delicate little pink hands of the *Amelopsis* grapple a piece of granite, and hold it that you cannot tear them away, and riot over it, and wave triumphant wreaths of victory and rejoicing! How the jessamine laces with ribbons of green round the rugged-barked pine, in preference to the smooth-skinned beech! and the pure *Devoniensis* holds to the common clay garden wall and laughs, leaning against it, with thousands of delicately blushing blooms, flowery whispers of happiness and love and pride; whereas it scarce shows a few blossoms, and the buds decay unburst, against the stately hewn-stone mansion wall. Why does the Bankshire prefer a cold and cheerless as-

pect to that which is hot with sun? Verily, the creepers deserve attention in the world-garden of humanity.

But what are we about, rambling concerning ramblers? when our subject is the prop up which seven little climbers are throwing their tendrils, and, at this moment, an eighth, no seedling, has cast her arms and asked to be sustained, and lifted high out of the sordid soil?

Richard Cable saw the blind drawn in the lower cottage window, and then a flush of light over it; so he knew that his mother was below, and had kindled the lamp. Thereupon he went indoors, and found Josephine in his mother's Sunday dress, seated by the fire, in his mother's high-backed leather chair, a chair that had belonged to her father, who was drowned. Josephine was very pale and sallow; her hands rested on her lap; she was looking into the fire, and the flames reflected themselves in the large, dark irises. She did not seem to observe Richard's entrance; she did not turn her head or raise her eyes.

Mrs. Cable was engaged between the back and front kitchen, getting some of Josephine's wet clothes cleaned of the mud that adhered, wringing them out, and putting them on lines where they might drip and dry.

Richard Cable went to the fireplace, and leaned against the brick jamb, looking at the girl. In the wooden houses of the coast, the chimneys are built of brick, and there is a brick basement on which the wooden walls rest.

"Please, Miss Cornellis, I'm sorry to interfere; but I'm bound to ask—what is to be done?"

She folded her hands, slightly raised her chin, and then her head sank again, and the eyes remained staring at the fire.

He waited a minute, still observing her, and then he said again, in a low, gentle voice: "I'm sorry to be disturbing you with axing of questions as may seem impertinent, miss; but I'm bound to repeat the same thing—what is to be done?"

Again she made a slight movement with her chin, and unclosed, then reclinched her hands; but she said nothing.

Presently little Bessie began to cry upstairs, and Mrs. Cable ran up. It was the child's hour for supper, and she was exact to her time in demanding her bread and milk.

A third time Cable asked the question, and then Josephine slightly shook her head.

He must extract an answer from her;

he must do something. She could not remain in his house without his letting her father know. He took a step towards her, and laid his hand upon her head, as he had laid it that same afternoon, and now, as then, the dark hair was wet. "Is the head burning?" he asked.

Then she looked up at him without moving her head; her eyes were large, and had a strange, far-away look in them.

"Now, Miss Cornellis, answer me—what is to be done?"

"I do not know," she replied.

"But," he said, "I must be told. I must do something about this matter."

"I leave it all to you."

"May I take you back to the Hall? If you cannot walk, I will carry you."

She held her head steady under his hand; she did not shake it, but said: "No; I will not go back there. I will stay here, if you will take me in. If not, I will go back into the sea."

"Miss Cornellis," he said after a long silence, "I do not understand what has happened." Then he took away his hand from her head, which was not hot, but cold, and knelt down by the fire on one knee, and stirred up the logs, and threw on a few small sticks that crackled and blazed.

"I will not go home any more."

"But the Hall is not your home; it belongs to Mr. Gotham."

"I will not go home to my father again."

"Has there been a quarrel?"

"He has been angry. I will not go near him again."

"Did he—did he strike you?"

"Strike me? Oh, not with his hands. I should not mind that."

"What did he do? I must ask. You leave me to decide what is to be settled about you; and I cannot decide without knowing the circumstances."

"I am not going back to him."

"Did he—excuse me—drive you out of the house?"

"I left, because I could not stay."

"Why could you not stay?"

Her fingers in her lap worked nervously; she plaited and unplaited them; she twisted them on one hand, and then smoothed them with the other.

"I cannot tell you all. Would you take the lamp away? The light hurts my eyes."

He complied with her wish, and placed the lamp in the back kitchen. Up-stairs was Mrs. Cable getting the baby to sleep. Richard heard her singing:—

There's grog in the captain's cabin,  
Water down below.

He returned to the fireplace and stood against the jamb, opposite her, and said: "Tell me everything, Miss Josephine. I am your friend. I will advise."

"I know you are my friend," she answered. "I will tell you what I can; but my head spins, and I cannot think; I cannot recollect everything." She was in no hurry; she knitted her brows, trying to recollect the chain of circumstances. Presently she said: "It was the rector's fault; he told Aunt Judith, and she, of course, went at once to papa and told him."

"Told what?"

"I had seen the rector this morning, and he took me to task about going on the wall to you the night of the fire."

"It was an unwise thing."

"You also are against me. I will say no more. Every one is turned against me. Everything I say works people up into hatred of me. I am a miserable, unhappy girl."

"Miss Cornellis, I am not turned against you. I say what your own common sense has told you, that you acted imprudently that night. The rector spoke about it to Miss Judith?"

"And she, blundering, stupid old creature, went with it at once to papa. I was not in then. When he did speak to me, I saw he was angry. He does not turn red, but a greenish white, and he speaks slowly, but every word cuts like a razor; and not only so, but every word is dipped in venom, so that when it has cut you, the wound goes on festering for months, and perhaps never heals at all."

"Your father!" Richard spoke in slow wonder—"a father hurt, poison the blood of his child." It was to him inconceivable. He would have allowed his flesh to be torn off his bones with red-hot hooks and pincers, rather than wound or bruise one of these tender, fragile little innocents that looked up to him in love and trust.

"My father as he speaks, when he is very angry, has a face like a dead man; but his eyes blink, and now and then he quivers, just as though he felt an electric shock; and then he is as if he would hurt with his hands; but he controls himself again, and stabs instead with his tongue."

Richard Cable drew a long breath, and put his hand across his chest to the mantelshelf.

"When my papa spoke to me, I knew at once he was in one of his worst moods. And I—as I always do—was ready to

fire up. I am not afraid of him; he does not cow me. He makes my heart boil and foam over."

"Does he not take you to him, and put his arm round you, and speak low, and tell you that you have pained him, and that he loves you very, very dearly?"

"Never!" said Josephine decisively. She was recovering herself. As she thought over the scene she was describing, the heat returned to her heart and fired her veins.

"Then I acknowledged it all when he charged me; and when he sneered, I said that was not all. I told him that I had bought you the ship, given it my name, and that I should pay for it out of the insurance money for Rose Cottage."

"What is that?" asked Cable.

She was excited now, and went on, disregarding his interruption. "He was trustee for my little fortune left me by my mother, and he has made away with that—how, I do not know. I did not know it was gone when I ordered the vessel. Now that it is bought, I thought I should like to pay for it, though it does not really matter, as my cousin Gotham will advance—will give me the money. Yet, when my father took this line with me, I was angry, and said I would claim from him some of my money out of what he would get from the insurance company. Then he stung me worse and worse; and just as a hornet will drive a horse mad, so did he make me forget everything but my pain and wrath—and I said something—about the fire——" She paused, hesitated. "Even to you, I cannot repeat it." She halted again. "But I believe that what I said was true." She stammered. "Yet I ought not to have said it. He is my father." Then she drew her feet together, and put her hands on the elbows of the chair, and raised herself, and her face flamed crimson, and the very hair on her brow seemed to bristle with electric excitation, and sparks to shoot out of her eyes. "It was then he used words to me that I shall never forget—never forgive!" She stood shivering with wrath, looking very tall in the long black dress of Mrs. Cable, and in the dark room, with the fire-light alone illumining her. "After that, I would not stay." She spoke slowly, and with intervals between her sentences, which came forth as the discharge of minute-guns at sea from a foundering vessel. "I could not stay." She shook so that she rattled the armchair which she touched with one hand. "I had no home more."

"But," said Richard, "though he angered you, he was your father, and a father——"

She did not allow him to conclude; she said harshly: "Do you not understand? There are things which even a father may not say. As there is a blasphemy which has no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come, so is there an insult which cannot be endured nor be forgotten." Her face was dark, and startled Cable with the rage and bitterness that was in it, lit with the glare from the fire.

"Why did you not go to the rector?" asked Richard.

"The rector!—after I had refused his son, and laughed at him?" She shook her head. "There was no place to which I could go. Rose Cottage is burnt down. The Hall is no more a home. The rectory doors I have closed against myself. To this house I could not come."

"Why not?"

She looked at him, then her eyes fell, and she looked into the fire. "Because of what my father had said. There was no place for me—but the sea." Then, unable to sustain herself longer on her feet, she sank back into the chair.

After considering a while, Richard Cable said: "Miss Cornellis, it was God's doing that I was the means of saving you before in the lightship. It is God's doing that I have been the means of saving you this night. Therefore, what am I, to oppose his will? I will go at once to the Hall and tell Mr. Cornellis that you are here and will remain here."

"He will insult you."

"I am not afraid of him or of his words. And when I've told him, miss, that you are here, then I'll get out my boat and row away to the new lightship, and stay there for ten days or a fortnight."

Then, as he moved to go, she started to her feet again and caught his arm with both her hands, and quivering with excitement, said: "Do not go—do not leave me helpless, friendless. I cannot bear it. There, there—I will kneel to you, if need be, and entreat you. Be master, captain, pilot—everything to the Josephine."

He took her hand between his own, and said very gravely: "As I said before, I say again—I'll do my duty by her, so help me God!"

Then Bessie Cable came in, and a brilliant light from the lamp she carried fell over them, hand in hand.

"And now," said he earnestly, "I go

with a firm confidence to your father, for I have a right to speak in your defence and for you."

But Mrs. Cable looking on, put her hand to her brow and said, "The young cuckoo is in the nest!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE "WINDSTREW."

GABRIEL GOTHAM returned somewhat late to the Hall; he was exhausted; it was not often that he took so much exercise, and was away from his house so long; but he was pleased with himself; he chuckled and rubbed his left hand over the back of the right, which held the walking-stick. As he came in at his gates, he met Mr. Cornellis, hardly recovered from his agitation caused by the interview with his daughter.

"Where is Josephine? I want her," said Gabriel.

"I do not know where she is. I have had a talk with her. I am incensed. I have had to reprimand her pretty sharply. She is inconsiderate, aggravating."

"Come with me to the platt. I must have some curaçoa or chartreuse, or cherry brandy. I am fagged. You look pale as well."

The platt was a square platform about seven feet high, built of brick with a concreted top, to which a flight of steps led from the garden. It was said to have been originally a winnowing-floor, when wheat was grown where now lay the Hall gardens. Here advantage was taken of the breeze from off the water to clear the corn of the husk. Such platforms still exist in different parts of England, and in the west are called windstrews. They occupy a high situation, exposed to every breeze. Here it was near the sea, because the air always stirred there, even when, at a rifle-shot inland, it was calm. This windstrew would probably have been broken down, and the bricks used for other purposes, had not the proprietors of the Hall considered it a pleasant spot on which to sit when the weather was hot, and enjoy the cool air off the water, and see the boats coming in or going out with the tide. It went now by the name of the platt, whatever its former designation had been, platt being perhaps a contraction for platform. It adjoined the garden wall, and occupied an angle in it, the wall rising just high enough above the platform to serve as a back to benches. On the garden side it was unrailed. The steps ran up the side of the wall to it. At the bottom of

the steps was the garden wicket gate, almost invariably fastened.

"Where is Josephine? I want to speak to Josephine," said Gotham again.

"I do not know where she is. She has left me in one of her tantrums. I had to speak decidedly; and she dislikes dictation; she is wayward as an unbroken filly."

"Go into the house, Justin," said the squire; "tell one of the servants to bring us glasses and the liqueurs to the platt. I cannot bear up much longer. I am too hot to go indoors. If you see Josephine, send her to me."

Mr. Cornellis bit his lip, and obeyed. He did not like being ordered about by Mr. Gotham; but he dared not show that he was annoyed. At this time, he was much ruffled. His interview with his daughter had disturbed him more than he showed. He was a man who hated opposition, and above opposition, a will as strong as his own, and a mind above being humbugged. He knew that he could not delude his daughter into submission, and now he was discovering that he could not browbeat her. Accustomed to the easy natures of his sister Judith and his cousin Gotham, he was provoked at encountering opposition in his own child. He had made his plans, and these plans were disturbed by the rebelliousness of Josephine. He wanted her to marry Captain Sellwood, partly because he desired to be free from the encumbrance of his child, and partly because he could rely on Captain Sellwood not troubling him about Josephine's fortune which he had spent. An energetic and greedy son-in-law might make matters unpleasant for him. The Sellwoods were too comfortably off to care for a small jointure, and too gentlemanly and well connected to have recourse to law, and so expose his conduct to public notice. If they found he had behaved badly, they would hush up the matter in the family interest. His plan was, as soon as Josephine was settled, to saddle her with Judith, and himself depart, and do the best he could for himself with what money he got out of the insurance company, till Gabriel Gotham's death put him in possession of the Hanford estate. This event could not be far distant; the wretched squire was failing rapidly, and as he failed, drank more, and dosed himself with larger potions of narcotics. He was now half imbecile, and his brain would certainly soften, and paralysis ensue very speedily. For a while, Mr. Cornellis had been uneasy because Gabriel



would speak of the past, and revert, especially in his maudlin moods, to the wrong he had done to Bessie and her son.

"Pshaw!" said Cornellis. "If every one of us took to heart the faults of his youth, as you do, none of us would come to gray hairs. Your father and uncle made the woman a good offer; she refused it, and with that the matter came to an end. You are quit."

But this did not wholly satisfy Gabriel. The recollection of his treachery haunted him, and he took to liqueur-drinking and opiates, as much to still the voice of self-reproach as to lull the nervous pains he felt.

If Bessie Cable had not lived in the same place, it would have been better for him. The occasional sight of her and of her son renewed in him the stings of conscience. But though he felt these stings, he was too cowardly and weak to redress the old wrong.

Bessie had stood in the way of his marrying. At one time, he had visited a neighboring squire and paid attention to his daughter—one of his daughters; and because the squire had five sons and six daughters, and his estate was heavily burdened, he would have been glad to dispose of one of the girls to the owner of Hanford. Miss Wakeham also, knowing herself to be slenderly provided for, would have accepted him. Gabriel rode over twice a week to Woodley Park, and walked and flirted with Miss Wakeham; but just as every one supposed he was about to declare himself, Bessie Cable reappeared in Hanford, and Gotham became frightened. He expected that she would repeat the story of his conduct to her, if he proceeded; and he hung back, ceased to visit Woodley, and remained an old bachelor.

Would Bessie have interfered? He never knew. She, perhaps, herself was undecided how to act. But he resolved not to risk the unpleasantness such a disclosure would cause. He was certain that the Wakehams would refuse the connection, if it came to their ears; they were a somewhat pinched, but a proud family.

The conduct of Gabriel to Miss Fanny Wakeham was commented on, and was the occasion of some coldness between the Wakehams and him; but when she, after a twelvemonth, married a baronet, and became Lady Brentwood, this coldness disappeared; the Wakehams were even grateful to Mr. Gotham that he had withdrawn his pretensions. The vanity of the man was enhanced by the marriage of

Miss Fanny, and he liked to boast to Cornellis and other intimates of his old flame, Lady Brentwood, by whom, by George! he was nearly caught; but hearing that she had a deuce of a temper, he had been wise enough to cry hands off.

Justin Cornellis had gained his power over Gabriel Gotham at first by his knowledge of the secret which imbibited the life of the latter. He knew it, because it was a family secret; consequently Judith also knew about it. But Cornellis did not know that there was a son, and that mother and son lived in Hanford, till he came there and took and inhabited Rose Cottage. When the Cornellis family came to Hanford, Gotham was disturbed in mind lest the story should get out by their indiscretion. He was just then desirous of being made a deputy lieutenant for the county, and a justice of peace; and he knew that it would be fatal to his chance, were the scandal to get wind; so he cringed to Cornellis, and offered him a loan of money, were he in want of temporary accommodation, as many a man is when buying a house and fitting it up. Cornellis soon got the upper hand of the squire, and maintained such a hold on him, that, as Justin supposed, Gotham was unable to act in any way without him. He did not refrain from jesting about the boatman's lass Bessie, the very old girl who had taken advantage of the inexperience of the young squire; and to sneer at the lout of a son, and his marriage with the servant from the rectory. Cornellis did not see that he was overshooting his mark. His contemptuous jests about the Cables recoiled on and hurt Gotham. If Bessie were such a despicable creature, what a fool Gabriel himself must have been to take up with her! if the son were such a booby, the father must have been a poor creature. Gotham did not like the jokes of Cornellis; they galled him, and wrought in him great bitterness against his cousin; and sometimes, when he was alone, it boiled up, and he clenched his fist and gnashed his teeth at the thought of the man who had become indispensable to him, but whom he hated. Cornellis did not consider that a weak man is a man on whom you can never lean; he is always devising some meanness whereby he can deceive those upon whom he fawns and to whom he clings. In playing a game with a stupid man, the faculties become lulled; we think we know exactly what moves he will make, and we are beforehand ready to countermove. But it sometimes happens that stupidity simulates genius, be-

cause it sinks to depths beyond calculation, and surprises us by a step for which we were quite unprepared. Mr. Cornellis over-estimated his own power, and undervalued the parts of the squire. He had no suspicion that Gabriel regarded him with mistrust.

Mr. Gotham seated himself on the seat, with his back to the wall, on the raised windstrew, took off his hat, and removing slowly his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his head with a shaking hand. His weak eyes were watering, his narrow forehead was covered with moisture. The evening was warm, and he was tired. He looked about him, at his garden and groves and terraces. What a pretty place it was! Yet he hardly enjoyed it. He had a conservatory, and bought for it rare plants, not that he cared for them, but that he might boast of the sum he had paid for this new orchid or that rare lily. He had a good stable, two hunters; but he rarely rode them, never hunted with them; all the pleasure he had from them was to talk about them and what they cost him. Some of his neighbors humored him, but laughed at him in their sleeves. They humored him for the sake of his subscriptions to the hunt and the balls, and because he gave good dinners. He was mean in some things, extravagant in others, as often happens with weak men.

Now, as he looked about him, he felt uncomfortable. The idea glimmered in his cloudy mind that he must before very long leave this pretty place, his green-houses, his pines, his hunters, his cellars, his china. All would pass from him to another. He could see the church-tower behind the trees. His walled garden adjoined the graveyard, and was believed to have been taken out of it; certainly, bones were dug up on the north side of it; but the strawberries along that bed were splendid. "I wish the chartreuse would come," he grumbled. "What is that fellow Justin about? So; he has been talking of the changes he will make when I am dead, calculating on the improvements he will effect. My grapes—my muscatel house; I have been particular to have the muscat vines all together; you can't have the proper flavor where they are mixed. He'll be eating my pines when the worms are eating me. Shall he—shall he!" He uttered these last words aloud.

"Shall he!—Shall who?" asked Cornellis, ascending the steps, and taking his place on the other seat, at right angles to that occupied by Gotham. He had his

back to the sea. He asked the question with indifference; he had no idea that it concerned himself.

"I—I have been unwell to-day; I have been thinking that my health is breaking up."

"Pshaw! You are in low spirits. Breaking up! when you have been trotting about all the afternoon like a boy of sixteen. It is I, not you, who have cause to be in the dumps. I have been irritated past endurance by that daughter of mine. Thank you, I will have green chartreuse."

"What has she been doing?"

"Doing! Will you believe it? She has refused Captain Sellwood!"

Mr. Gotham's mouth opened, and he stared at Cornellis with feeble astonishment, mixed with amusement.

Cornellis remarked the latter, and said somewhat testily: "There is nothing so funny about this. To me it is indescribably mortifying. He will have eventually fifteen thousand."

"And she has, from her mother, about five hundred pounds in all," said Gotham with a chuckle.

"Not so much; no—hardly four."

"You have been very careful of it," said Gabriel, crouching with his hands on his stick. His glass of chartreuse was so full, and his hands so shaking, that he did not venture to raise the glass to his lips; he stooped to the table and put his mouth to the glass and sucked the brimming contents. He looked so mean and wretched as thus bent, with his bleary eyes on Cornellis, that the latter had difficulty in checking the expression of contempt that began to curl his lips.

"Yes," he answered; "I have been a careful trustee."

"So Josephine told me," said Gabriel.

Mr. Cornellis started, and the color went out of his brow which turned deadly white. The movement was so sudden that Gabriel was frightened, and upset the glass with his nose or chin.

"There!" said he; "I have spilt my glass before I have half drunk it. It cost me twelve shillings a bottle, and a bottle don't hold much; it is soon gone."

Mr. Cornellis considered whether he should ask what Josephine had said. He thought it best not to pursue the subject.

"Pour me out a little more," said Gotham; "my hand is unsteady."

Whilst Mr. Cornellis complied, Gabriel said to him: "So Josephine has refused Captain Sellwood."

"She told me so herself. It is monstrous!"

"There must be a prior attachment."

Now the hand of Justin Cornellis shook, and he spilled some drops on the little table. "Prior attachment! Of course not. To whom could she be attached! Pooh! It is absurd."

"What was that I heard about a meeting on the night of the fire?"

"Meeting! I know nothing about one."

"Do you know what I have been doing to-day, Justin?"

"No, squire."

"I have been to Grimes and Newbold's dock, to see the vessel Josephine has bought, called after her name, and given to Richard."

"Josephine cannot buy a boat. She has not the money; and I will see her at Jericho before I advance the requisite sum."

"I have advanced it, Justin. You—you can repay me at your leisure out of Josephine's money."

"You!" Mr. Cornellis looked at him with astonishment. This mean little man had meddled to make mischief. "Do you know what you have done?"

"I think I do know," chuckled Gotham.

"I think you do not," said Cornellis angrily. His face was becoming pale, and the lines in it hard, as if cut with a gouge in stone. "I do not think you are aware that you have compromised my daughter's character. It was bad enough that she was on the lightship alone with that fellow; but this is worse. She gives him a vessel which she calls after her own name, and you help her, you encourage her to do so."

"Why should she not?"

"I say, because she makes the tongues wag about her. Ever since that confounded affair of the lightship, she has been running in and out of the man's cottage."

"And," said Gabriel, "she has met him at night on the sea-wall."

"People will talk. There will be plenty of scandal floating. And do you expect me to put up with it?"

"Let them talk. Something may come of it, that would please me well."

"What is that, Gabriel?" Mr. Cornellis's cheeks blanched, and his hands closed. He was very angry.

"Why should she not take him?" said Gabriel. "She likes him well; of that I am sure, and that would satisfy me."

"It would not suit me," said Cornellis in a husky voice.

"It would suit me excellently, Justin,

as you may see, for then I could leave what little I have to Josephine, and so Richard would get it. That would be a great satisfaction to my conscience, and—do not look at me in that strange way; I do not like it, Justin—I say it would just fit in with my wishes; no one would know who he was, and my conscience would be clear."

"Is that what you intend!" exclaimed Cornellis, starting up, and leaning forward, his face livid, his lips drawn back, showing his white teeth. "Is that it? That you shall never do!"

Gotham staggered to his feet also, and shrank back; he was frightened at the ghastly face and malignant expression of Justin Cornellis.

"You dare to utter this to me!" said the ex-missionary, and with his elbows drawn back, he took a step towards Gotham. "I'll throttle you first."

Gotham, trembling, let fall his glass of chartreuse, and backed before the angry father, who suddenly thrust forth both his hands to grip him.

At that moment, up the steps of the windstrew came Richard Cable.

Gabriel Gotham uttered a feeble cry, whether of terror at the approach of Cornellis, or of surprise at the apparition of Cable, neither knew, and in a moment he fell headlong from the platt upon the garden walk below.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### A VISIT TO JAPAN.

To see Japan to perfection it is necessary to travel under official auspices. The trip now about to be described was undertaken at the invitation of the governor of Hong Kong. Of course every door was open to such a traveller, and Sir George Bowen was everywhere welcomed with all that hospitality for which the Japanese are famous.

Japan is emphatically an interesting country; interesting not only because of the wonderful social and political changes through which she has recently passed, but also because, as the pioneer of Western civilization in the Orient, she is destined, with her numerous population, large resources, and hereditary martial spirit, to become, one day, a powerful ally or a formidable enemy of any European State seeking to pursue a vigorous policy in the East. As events are shaping themselves at present, it appears reasonable to predict

that Great Britain and Japan will ere long find themselves ranged side by side to check Russia's advance towards the Korea; and that the same community of danger will draw China into an alliance which would be the means of breaking down her immemorial isolation. Before starting on our travels in the interior of Japan, let us, then, devote a moment to the statistics of Europe's present friend and England's prospective ally.

The population of the island empire is now about thirty-seven millions, and its annual public revenue approaches sixteen millions sterling. Its foreign trade (including exports and imports) amounts to twelve millions sterling. There are already three hundred and thirty miles of railway completed, and lines are being steadily pushed forward so as to open out the entire country. There is an effective army, with peace and war establishments of eighty-two thousand and one hundred and ten thousand men respectively, thoroughly trained and equipped in European style; and a navy of some twenty-five ships of all sizes, including seven ironclads. Both the army and navy are provided with artillery, rifles, etc., of approved modern types. There are complete systems of telegraphs, post-offices, police, savings-banks, jails, universities, schools and colleges, lighthouses, meteorological observatories, etc., all on the best European or American models. And these immense innovations have been accomplished within the short space of fifteen years, and so economically that the whole national debt amounts to only about one year's revenue.

As for the political state of this remarkable nation, it is well known that for several centuries the executive government was usurped by the *shōguns* (analogous to the *maires du palais* of old French history), who ruled at Yedo (now called Tōkiyō), while the legitimate sovereign, the mikado, was relegated to dignified seclusion at Kyōtō. The *shōguns* were virtually the chiefs of a feudal oligarchy of *daimyo*, or territorial nobles, who exercised almost absolute power in their several provinces. This feudal despotism had long been borne with impatience by the mass of the Japanese nation, and was finally abolished by the revolution of 1868, which restored the mikado to his ancient authority. The powers and privileges of the feudal barons have disappeared in Japan as completely as in Europe; but a revived aristocracy of more than five hundred families has been formed from among

the leading *daimyo* and *kuge* (or court nobles), together with the most able and influential functionaries of the new régime. Japan has now her princes, dukes, marquises, counts, and barons, who will form the Second Chamber of the National Legislature, which it is proposed to convoke for the first time in 1890. There will also be an elected Chamber of Representatives of the people. At present, the imperial government is carried on by a ministry named by and responsible to the mikado. Japan has fully entered the comity of nations, and maintains ambassadors at the chief capitals of the world. Her statesmen have shown that they are well able to hold their own with the representatives of the most powerful nations. During the recent Franco-Chinese hostilities they maintained a delicate and difficult neutrality with discretion and vigor.

Yet the reader must not be induced by these facts to forget that seventeen years ago the great majority of the feudal nobles who governed the islands of the Rising Sun\* were firm believers in a tradition that the security of their hearths and homes depended on holding aloof from foreign intercourse. Neither must he forget, as he journeys comfortably by steamer and railway to Kyōtō, that in those not yet distant feudal days, when the selfish interests of each chieftain prompted him to keep his clansmen in and his rivals out by making egress and ingress as difficult as possible, travelling in Japan was pretty much what travelling in England was two centuries ago. Now, however, throughout the length and breadth of the land, it would probably be difficult to find so much as one genuine seclusionist or obstructionist, while the tourist encounters as few obstacles as in a European country. The imperial government is thoroughly centralized; while for purposes of local administration the empire is divided into three cities (*fu*)—Tōkiyō, the eastern capital, Kyōtō, the western capital, and Osaka—and thirty-six prefectures (*ken*), corresponding to the departments in France. In each city there is a governor (*chiji*), and in each prefecture a prefect (*kenrei*), whose powers resemble those of French *préfets*. The governors and prefects are assisted by local assemblies, the members of which, elected by the inhabitants of the city or prefecture, assess and

\* *Nippon*, the Japanese name for the country. *Yapan* is adopted from the Dutch, who for two centuries (from about A.D. 1650-1854) were the only European nation allowed to trade with the empire, and that only at the single port of Nagasaki.

dispose of the local taxes by vote, and carry on their discussions with a decorum and practical good sense which would do credit to any legislative assembly in the world.

Thus much premised, we may set out on our travels with the governor of Hong-kong to Kyôto, the Moscow, as Tôkiyô is the St. Petersburg, of Japan.

The principal inn at Kyôto commands a prospect such as few hotels in the world can boast. It is a handsome, roomy building, with a charming garden and a very tolerable *cuisine*; and now that the railway renders Kyôto easily accessible, Ya-ami, as this delightful inn is called, ought to reap a rich harvest from tourists. Sir George Bowen, however, did not stop at Ya-ami. Count Inouye, the minister for foreign affairs, thinking that the governor might like to have practical experience of life *à la Japonnaise*, had directed that a building called the Gehin-kwan, of purely Japanese construction and arrangements, should be prepared for his reception. The Gehin-kwan is a club supported by private subscription of the Japanese nobles; but, at the request of the government, it was readily given up for this special occasion. Originally the summer residence of a well-known *kuge*, or court noble, it presents all the most refined features of Japanese domestic architecture; while from from its southern and eastern faces one looks out upon a beautiful plain reaching to the foot of hills with soft contours and richly wooded nooks. The garden of course is delightful. Kyôto is a city of delightful gardens, and at the Gehin-kwan a happy combination of shrubberies and rockeries surrounds a miniature lake with three tiny waterfalls, over which big goldfish roll themselves with lazy confidence. Foreign bedsteads would have seemed quite incongruous with such an environment. They were, however, ready to be set up if desired, for Japanese hospitality does not trust its own judgment where the comfort of a guest is concerned. But the governor and his party, one and all, preferred piles of wadded silk quilts, in true Japanese fashion, to the conventional fourposter, and no one regretted his choice.

The first of the Kyôto sights visited was the palace. This building might be nearly eleven hundred years old, had it escaped the many vicissitudes incidental to feudalism. But since the emperor Kwam-mu moved his residence hither in 793 A. D., the palace has frequently suffered from fire. But as history tells us

that at each successive restoration the greatest care was taken to preserve the features, both decorative and architectural, of the original building, the visitor can feel assured that he sees now the sort of residence which the emperors of Japan have occupied since the eighth century. What strikes him chiefly is the air of simplicity that pervades the place. Everything is refined and artistic, but nothing grand or imposing. Japanese rooms do not satisfy Western canons of proportion; they lack loftiness, and this fault derives greater prominence from long lines of sliding doors which encroach upon the walls and leave little free space overhead. Even the throne chamber, a room of immense size, resembles a monster corridor rather than a hall of state. Something of the simplicity which distinguishes Japanese residences is due, of course, to the absence of furniture. An European palace, stripped of its gorgeous hangings and rich chattels, would look but a poor sort of place, and the furniture of a Japanese room is limited to a few flower-vases and pictures in the alcove. Still there remains about the palace at Kyôto an atmosphere of dignity well suited to our conceptions of that mysterious, Lama-like, semi-divine being, the mikado, who, leaving his barons to build massive castles and to raise grand mortuary temples for their tombs, was content himself to live in a palace where his only protection was the reverence of his subjects, and from whence no rumors of luxury or extravagance could teach the people that their saintly sovereign depended on the vulgar accessories of opulence, like the upstart shôguns who long usurped his executive power. The painters of the Shijo school, to whom the present building is indebted for its decorations, were not the giants of Japanese art, but within the range of their specialities — flowers, birds, and fishes — their work was remarkably delicate and faithful. Some of their paintings on the sliding doors and panels of the palace rooms are delightful examples of finished skill, and form, as a whole, an invaluable memorial of the point reached by the pictorial art of Japan in the last days of her national seclusion.

The two gentlemen who received the governor at the gate of the palace, and acted thenceforth as the most courteous of guides, were titled members of the *kuge*, or court noble class; that is to say, men who could trace their genealogies back far beyond any aristocracy in Europe. Japanese national feeling requires that



the former imperial residence should be entrusted to the care of dignified custodians.

On the whole, the palace of the mikados at Kyôto resembles in many respects the old palace of the sultans at Constantinople, the successors of the Roman emperors of the East. The very title "mikado," signifying, as it does, "exalted (*mi*) gate (*kado*)," is identical with that of "the Sublime Porte" applied to the sultan.

After the palace, the traveller naturally directs his steps towards the grand temples with which Kyôto abounds.

The two creeds prevalent in Japan are Shinto and Buddhism. These, however, are so thoroughly intermingled in practice that, despite a resolute governmental attempt to separate them, the number of pure Shintoists or pure Buddhists is very small. Shinto is the original cult of Japan. It is based chiefly on the worship of nature and of ancestors, which in practice takes a form analogous to the worship of their household gods, the *Lares* and *Penates*, by the Romans. Buddhism, on the other hand, was first imported from China in the seventh century of the Christian era. The term *Shinto* signifies the "way of the gods," and was adopted to distinguish the native beliefs and rites from those of the foreign religion known as *Butsido*, or the "way of Buddha." It is still a moot question whether Shinto deserves to be called a religion at all. It certainly contains no moral code, nor does it indicate any guide of conduct other than the promptings of conscience. Its objects of worship are vague personifications of cosmic forces, and it wholly dispenses with everything calculated to impress the senses. Its affinities with the primitive cults of China and India have not yet been fully traced, but there is convincing evidence that they exist. When Buddhism came with its idols, its temples, its priestly castes, and its gorgeous ceremonies, its effect upon the national character became more and more marked as the ages went by. To its influence has been ascribed, in a large degree, not only the decay of the primitive simplicity of the Japanese national faith, but also the decline, during many ages, of the authority of the mikado, the true representative of the nation; and the rise, on their ruins, of an organized feudalism, a priestly hierarchy, and a military despotism. These exotic institutions were (as we have already seen) swept away by the revolution of 1868 (rightly styled by the Japanese the "restoration"), which was also itself, in part, the outgrowth of

the importation of foreign ideas and principles, but this time from modern Europe, and not, as before, from India and China. Now, Christianity is beginning to win its way. The difficulties in its path were once very formidable. When Westerners first came to Japan, they were received with open arms. In 1613, the illustrious regent Iyeyasu made with Sir Thomas Smith, England's representative, a treaty which, in the words of its first article, gave "free license to the subjects of Great Britain forever, to come safely into any of our ports of our empire of Japan, with their ships and their merchandise, without any hindrance to them or their goods; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations; to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasure." But this license was not long of fruitful gain. Already Jesuit intrigues and sectarian quarrels had led to disturbance and confusion. The Roman Catholic propagandists incited their disciples to destroy the temples of Buddha and to persecute the priests, while the Portuguese and Dutch traders rivalled each other in trickery and extortion. For the first time in her history Japan became acquainted with the horrors of religious feuds and intolerance. Her rulers at first sought by comparatively gentle means to control these abuses, but were subsequently constrained to banish the Portuguese altogether, and to adopt the severest measures of repression against the native Christians. The country ceased to be a profitable field for trade. The English settlers turned their ships homewards in 1628. Forty-five years later, they tried to renew the treaty of Iyeyasu, but so vivid was the recollection of the intrigues and excesses of the early Roman Catholic propagandists, that the alliance between the royal families of Great Britain and Portugal, in the reign of Charles II., sufficed to close Japan against all Englishmen. Tradition deepened the dislike and apprehension excited by the events of those early days. In Japanese eyes every alien became a *bateren* (padre) and therefore an evil person harboring mischievous designs against the integrity of the empire. The Japanese is a patriot before everything. When foreigners came, in 1856, with ships of war, to force their intercourse upon the country, every brave man in the land believed himself bound by all the principles he respected, to expel the dangerous intruders. Happily this feeling did not long survive contact with Western civilization, but being rooted in

the memory of Christian political intrigues, its last active vestiges were anti-Christian. The new preachers of the Christian faith had, therefore, a hard battle to fight. But they won their way gradually. There are now from forty to fifty thousand baptized Japanese Christians; and it is well known that several of the ablest and most influential statesmen in the empire advocate the adoption of a creed which they regard as the basis of European civilization. So far, however, as it is possible to foresee at present, absolute tolerance will be the attitude of the government towards all faiths. There will be no State religion. When the new Civil Code—now completed and only awaiting final revision—is promulgated, its first article will probably declare all creeds equal in the sight of the law. Practically they are already equal, for high official positions and chairs of learning are occupied by professing native Christians.

We proceed now to visit the prince of the Kyôto temples, Nishi Hongwanji. Nothing can be grander than its *hondo*, or principal hall of worship, covering an area of nine hundred and fifty-four square yards. Looking between the majestic gilt pillars which support the coffered ceiling, one discerns, in the dim light, a gorgeous shrine, flanked on either side by immense alcoves, rich with masterpieces of glyptic and pictorial art. The whole place has an air of vastness and dignity which ought to strike worshippers with awe. Yet somehow the worshippers do not appear to be much impressed. Here, for example, we see an old woman with a pretty lass of seventeen or eighteen, who patter up the stone steps to the principal entrance, and stand for a moment framed in the gateway, contributing a little heart of brilliant but dainty coloring to the masses of gloriously carved chrysanthemums that seem to have grown about the pillars and lintel in some age when wood bore blossoms. The old lady's face is sufficiently solemn, but it is the solemnity of wrinkles only; nothing of its gravity is reflected in the happy interest of the girl's look. They stop in the courtyard to gaze at the wonderful *itcho-tree*, whose delicate leaves enjoy the miraculous reputation of protecting the great temple against fire by converting themselves into waterspouts at any moment of peril. The wrinkles multiply a little in the old lady's face, as she passes from under the shadow of this marvel, and the girl's lips, parted by an exclamation of timid incredulity, are demurely pursed again as she throws into

the portly cashbox of the temple a little offering of copper coins, neatly twisted into a strand of paper. Then you see that for a time they both become very reverential, as they pass, sandal-less, up the spacious aisle, and that, arrived before the altar, the girl prays, clapping her hands softly, and otherwise observing the conventionalities of worship carefully enough, while the old lady plunges suddenly into a supplication so fervent that every one of her wrinkles seems to take a part in it, and you feel relieved at its brevity for the sake of her decrepitude. But after this scanty ceremonial, there is, apparently, no more thought of deity or demon. The two devote themselves to sight-seeing, busily but unobtrusively, and are evidently thankful that chance has added a party of foreign tourists to the lions of the day. "Well," moralizes one of the tourists, "there seems to be more form than feeling about these rites. Worship is not plentiful, and what there is, looks slightly superficial." The remark is in some respects just. Buddhism is not an exacting religion. It expects its votaries to support the church and to govern their lives by the great law of cause and effect. But it imposes on them no elaborate ceremonies, nor asks them to practise the pretence of long prayers. The believer in Buddhism does not expound his desires before the altar. He only repeats a reverential formula of invocation, and leaves the rest to powers which he may not venture to instruct. It should be remembered that a Buddhist temple, like a Roman Catholic cathedral, and like the eye and ear of God, is always open. There are special services, attended now largely now sparsely, but, at ordinary times, the devotee who leaves his business to visit the shrine, no less than the passing pilgrim, comes to look as much as to pray. A religion surrounded by accessories that appeal to the senses must not expect the homage of mind alone. Even a Protestant church would soon cease to attract worshippers only were its door open to every passing foot, its walls graced by masterpieces of ancient art, and its niches rich with grand decorations. It has been said with truth that almost everything distinctive of the Roman Catholic forms of Christianity is also to be found in Buddhism; such as images, pictures, lights, altars, incense, vestments, masses, rosaries, monks, nuns, acolytes, wayside shrines, monasteries, nunneries, celibacy, fasts, vigils, retreats, pilgrimages, mendicant friars, shaven heads, orders of clergy, clerical habits,

purgatory, intercession by saints and priests, indulgences, abbots, abbesses, neophytes, relics, relic-worship, with many other resemblances in rites and ceremonies. The images of Kwan-on, the Goddess of Mercy, in Buddhist temples, so vividly recall the images of the Virgin Mary in Roman Catholic churches, that this alone has often been regarded as almost amounting to a proof of affinity.

Behind the Nishi Hongwanji Temple are the State apartments and the residence of the abbot. The great Sinshiu sect, to which the Hongwanji belongs, has for centuries received its chief prelates from the imperial family. Since the restoration of 1869, and its accompanying attempt to set up the Shinto form of worship in preference to Buddhism, the affinity of these high Buddhist dignitaries to the throne has not been quite so close, but the principle remains unimpaired. For persons of such high consideration, both by birth and position, there would naturally be provided a dwelling of whatever magnificence the resources of the temple could afford. These resources, in the case of the Hongwanji, were virtually unlimited. It has to be remembered, too, that the representatives of noble families whose mortuary tablets were deposited at these temples, made it a habit to come there for purposes of worship at certain fixed seasons, and that, being accompanied on these occasions by an immense retinue, and surrounded by all the insignia of their rank, their fitting reception became a matter of considerable importance. The principal state apartment at the Nishi Hongwanji is worthy to receive any potentate, whatever the measure of his magnificence. There is perceptible, indeed, the same fault which disfigures almost all Japanese rooms, insufficient height; and Western visitors would be disposed to cavil at the pillars of unvarnished wood which support the roof, and which, though knotless and finely grained, consort ill with the lavish wealth of finished decoration on the walls and ceiling. But with these exceptions, the room is at once majestic and beautiful. Every available space, whether on wall or ceiling, carries a picture from the brush of the celebrated Motonobu, founder of the Kano school, whose name receives in Japan veneration scarcely inferior to that accorded by Europeans to his contemporary Raphael. Few, we imagine, who have enjoyed the privilege of examining these masterpieces, will deny to Japanese painters in past centuries a conspicuous place

in the pages of art history. So vigorously executed are the Chinese sages in the alcove that they appear to be stepping solemnly out into the aureate atmosphere which pervades the apartment, reflected from its broad expanses of gilded panels and niches.

Beyond lies a long suite of noble apartments, adorned with the best efforts of the painters of the Middle Ages. A student of Japanese pictorial art might pass many an hour profitably and pleasantly among these rare specimens, the history of each one of which is carefully preserved in the temple records. The governor was here received by Mr. Akamatsu, a Buddhist priest, who, during a residence of many years at Cambridge, acquired a complete mastery of the English language, as well as an extensive knowledge of Western sciences. Under his guidance the party visited the beautiful garden of the temple, at one side of which stands a celebrated summer-house, the Pavilion of the Flying Clouds. There may be seen a bath, from which the visitor learns that steam baths were among the luxuries of the ancient Japanese, as of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Mr. Akamatsu took pleasure in showing Sir George Bowen over a large, substantial building in European style which has been recently added to the Hongwanji for educational purposes. Here are numerous large class-rooms, in which a good modern education is given by competent masters. In fact schools have always been attached to the Japanese temples and monasteries, as was also the rule with the cathedrals and convents of mediæval Europe.

Next in interest to the Nishi Hongwanji comes the Chion-in. Founded in 1211, this great temple had been four times burned to the ground before the present buildings were commenced and finished, just two and a quarter centuries ago, during the rule of the shōgun Iyemitsu. That, however, was a time when the fine arts of Japan, though they had fallen below the standards set by some of the great masters, were on the whole in their heyday. The great feudal chiefs, readily adapting themselves to the humor of the time, vied with each other in their patronage of art industries, and every year added to the national collections large treasures of ceramic, pictorial, and glyptic skill. Amid this atmosphere of elegant luxury the Chion-in was raised, a monument well worthy of its age. Its approaches, lordly sweeps of granite steps, passing under the shade of stately trees through richly

carved gates, prepare you at once to find within one of the finest religious edifices in Kyôto, and certainly the best preserved. It has been said that, in former times, the great Chinese keramists had such a prodigious conception of their technical competence that they loved to set themselves tasks apparently impossible. The carpenters engaged in the building of the Chion-in seem to have been men of similarly exuberant energy. They constructed the verandahs throughout the entire edifice after so subtle a fashion that each plank, as the foot falls on it, emits a sort of querulous chirp; which trick of mortise and tenon, idealistic Japanese, professing to detect in its results a resemblance to the inexpressibly dulcet trill of their country's nightingale, have been pleased to call *uguisubari*. It is well to adapt oneself to circumstances, and if the visitor can bring his mood into some sort of tune with this emotional artificiality, the genuine beauties of the Chion-in will probably supply him with material for a host of happy memories. But let him be never so practical and unsympathetic, he cannot but carry away a charmed impression of the beautifully decorated suite of rooms within these chirping verandahs, where he finds himself one moment marvelling at the silence of the flight of Naonobu's painted geese, the next, pausing in involuntary dread lest his approach should alarm Nobumasa's egret. The lord abbot, who owes his exalted position entirely to his remarkable erudition, himself received the governor in the state chamber, where were displayed some precious specimens of Japanese and Chinese pictorial art.

It so happened that a religious service of exceptional solemnity was to be performed that morning, and when the governor and his party reached the hondo, the preparatory chant was just commencing. One might easily have fancied oneself in a Roman Catholic cathedral. Almost all the decorations of the immense hall, one hundred and sixty-eight feet long by one hundred and thirty-eight feet deep and nearly fifty feet high, were concentrated into one spot about the altar, the effect being that the whole chancel seemed a mass of yellow gold and rich colors, softened, on either side, by wide spaces to which the daylight scarcely penetrated. Within a circular enclosure, at the hither end of the nave, sat a band of acolytes, chanting, to an accompaniment of wooden timbrels, the invocation, *Namu Amida Butsu*. Their voices were pitched in

octaves, and by simply varying the number of chanters from time to time, the cadence was saved from any wearisome effect. After this had continued for some minutes, nine priests, richly robed, emerged slowly from the back of the chancel, and kneeled before an equal number of small lecterns placed in a line to the left of the altar. Each priest carried a chaplet of beads, and on each lectern was a missal. So soon as the new-comers had taken their places, the chant of the acolytes ceased, and then the priest who kneeled in the middle of the row, opening his missal, began to read aloud. One by one his companions followed his example, and presently the nine voices blended in a monotone, varied by the same process as that previously observed in the case of the acolytes. After an interval, another similar band paced gravely down the chancel, and kneeling opposite the first comers, added their voices, in the same cumulative fashion, to the volume of sound. At last the chief priest himself emerged, attended by an acolyte, and kneeled, facing the altar, at a large lectern placed between the two rows. His share in the ceremony appeared, at first, to be confined to burning incense; but, by-and-by, those listening became conscious that the intonation of the reading priests was growing more and more accelerated, until at last their words seemed to pour forth with bewildering volubility. Then suddenly this peal of resonant crepitation died away to a scarcely audible mutter, and before one could be quite sure whether or no it had really ceased, the voice of the chief priest joined itself to the echoes still trembling in the air, and by degrees absorbed them into its own swelling tone. These alternations of intoning constituted the whole ceremony; grave and touching enough, but very simple. Not that its simplicity was apparent at the moment. On the contrary, you carried away the impression of having participated in a most elaborate piece of solemnity. It was only when you came to dissect that impression, that you found its components dwindle into some cleverly interwoven fragments of a chanted litany, some gorgeous stoles and cassocks, and an awe-imposing edifice. Did you see the thing often enough, it would probably find you at last as insensible as these little *maiko* (dancing-girls), who trip up the steps of the hondo, peep smilingly in at the sombre chanters, and trip away again, with just such faces of sunny unconcern as you could fancy them wearing on their way home from a danc-

ing-lesson. Buddhist believers in the immutable *ingwa*, the great law of cause and effect, might have hinted that something more than the ties of a common humanity were destined to draw together this party of distinguished foreigners and those pretty miniatures of Japanese woman-kind. For the rosy-lipped, jauntily attired lasses, who happened to flutter into the shadow of the great temple at the moment when the sedate strangers emerged from it, were the very maiko who, twelve hours before, had been dancing for the edification of those same strangers at a Japanese banquet given to the governor. Quite a romantic incident, it must be admitted. That any dancing-girls should have come, at that precise time, to pay their sketchy devotions, was unlikely enough, but that of the five or six hundred dancing-girls in Kyôto these particular damsels should have chanced to present themselves at that particular moment, was beyond the utmost limit of probability. Everybody who goes to Kyôto sees, or ought to see, a *geisha* performance. The maiko are the butterflies of Japan. Without them your impression of the social scenery is incomplete. They are butterflies alike in hue and habit. For their attire is all aglow with brilliant tints; tints which might be startling if they were not relieved by just the sort of moth-like softness that reconciles you to the gaudiness of their wearers' winged prototypes. And their movements in the dance cannot be compared to anything more aptly than to the leisurely undulations of a butterfly floating across the sunshine, as though he were conscious that his presence is too ornamental and his destination too happy to warrant any semblance of busy haste or resolute purpose. Another feature, too, of the maiko's demeanor cannot fail to charm you — its graceful modesty. For the Kyôto dancing-girl, as you see her, might be a Lucretia. She has an air of the daintiest possible innocence. However, it may be said, generally, that the *geisha* of Japan, who include the maiko, or dancing-girls, are often women highly accomplished in Japanese music and literature, and that they correspond to the *hetæra* of ancient Greece. Many a Japanese Pericles has found his Aspasias in one of their number. The arrangements at a Japanese banquet resemble those of old at Athens and Rome. The *convives* recline round three sides of the room, as in the ancient *triclinium*, while the fourth side and the centre are left for the domestics who serve the viands, and for the

evolutions of the dancing-girls, who act as cup-bearers during the repast.

One day, at least, ought to be devoted by every visitor to the study of Kyôto under its business aspects. Lovers of the modern aspects of Japanese art will there find a host of articles, presenting every species of decoration, and resplendent with gold, silver, and glittering enamels. As for the tourist, a step beyond workshops which "gleam and glow with brilliant iridescent dyes," brings him side by side with Omar Khayyam's picture: —

A potter, near his modest cot,  
Was shaping many an urn and pot;  
He took the clay for earthen things  
From beggars' feet and heads of kings.

Never were there seen anywhere else potters of such unobtrusive mien working in materials of such patrician associations. Before the tide of a bustling modern civilization swept by and disturbed their fashions and their ways, the people of Kyôto had dwelt for so many centuries in the shadow of a courtly aristocracy that their very words and motions became insensibly impregnated with gentle decorum. Even in this shed, with its tubs of half-mixed clay, its rude benches, and its marl-stained utensils, you see men and lads so perfectly self-possessed, that the sudden entry of half-a-dozen foreign visitors fails to betray them into the slightest exhibition of curiosity. Not one of them remembers himself, or imagines that you have any concern for the worker outside his work, from which if he raises his eyes once to contemplate the new-comers, it must be after they have passed his place, for they never detect the attention. For the rest, the potteries of Kyôto labor under all the disadvantages of domestic industry, and are relieved by none of its advantages. Domestic industry is essentially conservative and old-fashioned. It loves to cling to ancestral grooves, and takes a pride in employing the fingers of the children precisely as their fathers' fingers were employed before them. And there are no insuperable economical obstacles in the way of this fantasy, so long as an industry is essentially domestic; that is to say, so long as it engages only the otherwise unengaged moments of the members of the household, and supplies the market with products which represent labor saved from total unproductiveness. But so soon as it begins to be carried on by hired hands, new obligations are incurred. Respect must then be paid to novel processes and economical improvements, unless the in-



dustry is to be hopelessly distanced by more prudent rivals. At the Kyôto potteries, however, no reflections of this nature seem as yet to have disturbed the changeless tenor of the manufacturers' ways. Each house has its own kiln and its own little staff of workmen, and each process of these disassociated industries continues to involve as great a waste of time and material on its own account as though Japan had not yet been brought into contact with foreign competition, nor abandoned a policy under which art industries basked in the sunshine of unlimited local patronage. It cannot be long before the consequences of this conservatism begin to be inconvenient, but in the interim the old habits have charms which one would fain see preserved. Under what industrial conditions save those of traditional Japan could one find, for example, such a workshop as that of the celebrated enameller Namikawa Kiyoyuki? You are shown into a room furnished with simple elegance, and conveying no indication of its owner's trade. Beside it, however, is a smaller chamber, in the walls of which are little glass-doored recesses, containing a very few specimens of exquisite enamel-work, overhung by certificates of merit awarded to Namikawa's productions at various foreign exhibitions. The owner himself is there to receive you; a genuine representative of soft-voiced, gentle-mannered Kyôto, who never seems to have been ruffled in his life, and whose wares appear to acquire enhanced value from his dainty touch. The only thing you could call quick about the man is his intelligence. He divines what you want to know before you have succeeded in making it quite intelligible to yourself, and explains it to you so easily and clearly that you begin to form a better estimate of your own perceptive faculties. Should you like to visit the workshop? Certainly, above all with such a guide; and so you follow Mr. Namikawa, half-suspicious at first that his polite attention is only a mask, and that he proposes to play you a practical joke; for instead of taking you to a workshop, he conducts you to a very pretty garden; not a spacious park, to be sure, but yet a place where "moss-grown rockeries find leafy homes," and the air is busy with "the splash and stir of fountain" and cascade. Apparently the enamellers' fancy derives inspiration from their pleasant surroundings; for the garden belongs to the workshop as much as to the residence of its master, and as the workers sit weav-

ing strips of copper into delicate designs, the leaves and shrubs they copy look in at them through the window. There are only three men and a girl in the workshop. Two of them are similarly employed forming with the finest copper wire upon vase or bowl cellular traceries, which the third fills with enamels, while the fourth polishes a vessel that has emerged from the furnace. After all, this meagre description pretty well covers the whole process, though the look of concentrated patience in each worker's face prepares you for the master's explanation, that to build up the labyrinth of tracery on a single vase sometimes involves two or three years' labor. The Japanese artisans have mastered the secret of color, while, being naturally endowed with fingers of really wonderful deftness, they are enabled to produce the beautiful fancies of their country's art even in such intractable outlines as bands of copper. This industry is likely to survive when others more characteristic of Japan, as we found her twenty-five years ago, have ceased to be practised; for its processes cannot be invaded by mechanical devices, and will always remain specially suited to Japanese fingers.

To see how the rising generation of Kyôto folks is preparing itself for the race of life, one cannot do better than visit the normal school for girls. The governor was accompanied thither by the prefect of the province, whose familiarity with all the details of this and similar establishments showed how much they owe to his zeal. The first thing that struck the visitors on entering the school was the sound of children's voices singing a foreign air. Need it be said that their curiosity was strongly stirred, and that they so far departed from the routine of inspection as to follow this sound at once to its source? Making their way into a room at the end of a long corridor, they found a dozen tiny lads and lasses, the oldest not more than eight, seated on a low dais, and looking as if they heartily enjoyed what was going forward. In the centre of the room was a harmonium, which a Japanese lady played, and opposite the children stood three other ladies, leading the chorus, and beating time by clapping their hands, in both of which operations the children joined most vigorously, with chubby palms and happy voices. The song was Japanese, so far as the words were concerned, but the air was — what think you, gentle reader? — nothing more or less than "Highland Laddie." So if any one visiting Kyôto in the spring, when the maple sprouts are

beginning to blush and the cherry blossoms to burst, should chance to hear this pleasant old ditty lilted by infant voices in the street of the old imperial city, he need only include the event among many startling experiences to be garnered by a visit to this country, where the ancient and the modern exist, side by side, in apparent harmony. These foreign airs probably become familiar to adults as well as to children at the normal school, for their notes were distinctly audible in the adjoining room, a spacious chamber, quite full of bright-eyed damsels engaged in receiving a sewing lesson. In Kyôto the fair sex appear to be very practical. Evidently they do not despise book-learning, for here you have a large suite of classrooms, in every one of which is a lady instructress, lecturing on history, geography, political economy, and such matters, with the conventional blackboard, and all the other orthodox paraphernalia. But beyond the sewing chamber you find places for teaching embroidery, weaving, painting, sericulture, cookery, washing and ironing, flower-arranging, and in short, everything calculated to make a good housewife. A little of this practical spirit might be advantageously borrowed by countries which, while they profess to lead civilization, educate, unfortunately, more Dora Spenlows than Alice Wakefields.

An institution not less interesting than the normal school is the establishment for the encouragement of industries, where you can see in process of study almost every art in the Japanese *répertoire*. To describe such a place would, however, require a volume instead of the short space at our disposal.

Many other places of interest, both ancient and modern, in Kyôto invite the tourist's inspection, but of these none better repays a visit than the school for the deaf and dumb. The Greeks and Romans used to expose or drown their deaf and dumb children, and for several centuries after the world had become acquainted with the teachings of Christ, it was generally believed that deaf mutes were also imbeciles, and that any attempt to instruct them must be fruitless. The Japanese do not appear to have fallen into this error at any period of their history. Whether the exceptionally profound instinct of parental affection with which they are credited made them observe their offspring too closely to be deceived, or whether the pressure of indigence was never severe enough to prompt such a heartless lessening of mouths to be fed, it

is recorded that they have always treated their deaf mutes as rational beings. The instruction of these unfortunates was, however, undertaken within the family circle, and of the methods employed there is necessarily little known. Of late years only have special institutions been formed for this purpose, one in Kyôto and one in Osaka. While every effort is made to educate the organs of speech, the language of signs is also encouraged and taught. A lesson in reading by gestures was given in the governor's presence, and the devices resorted to by the children to indicate complicated ideas, such as, for example, a lighthouse or a post-office, were very striking.

The traveller who finds himself in Kyôto will have much to regret if he fails to prolong his journey to the holy city of Nara, once the residence of the mikados. And he will do well to go there *via* the celebrated tea-farms of Uji. The more direct route saves some four or five miles, but this difference is amply compensated by beautiful views and places of historical interest on the longer way. Emerging from the straggling suburb of Fushimi, a town of note in olden times, and celebrated in modern also, as the spot where the shôguns' army made its unsuccessful stand against the imperial forces in the war of the restoration, the traveller finds himself in the heart of a most lovely valley. The softness of the scenery is indescribable. Each wooded bluff is set in a frame of feathery bamboos; up the slopes of all the distant hills creep hosts of plump, carefully nurtured tea-bushes; down the middle of the valley saunters the Ujigawa, rolling its broad reaches of glittering limpid waters at a leisurely pace; and over the whole broods that delicate, crystalline atmosphere which really justifies Japan's title to be called the Land of the Rising Sun. No wonder that the Taiko chose the hills overlooking this valley as the site of his celebrated castle. Whatever respect one may entertain for the memory of his illustrious successor Iyeyasu, one cannot but regret that changes of polity in those days involved such sacrilege as the destruction of a building which, were it still in existence, would complete the attraction of one of the fairest spots in all Japan. Quiet and peaceful as the valley looks now, it has been the scene of many a stirring combat, notably of the fight, just seven centuries ago, when the veteran warrior Yorimasa, with a little band of three hundred followers, held the bridge of the Ujigawa throughout half a day

against twenty thousand of the Heike troops. Within reach of the sound of the river's rippling, a few miles up the valley, you will find the spot where the grand old soldier and poet fell on his own sword, after his successful effort to cover the retreat of his imperial ally, Prince 'Mochi-hito. It is marked by a rude stone monument, standing within the enclosure of a temple called Biyōdō-in, which enjoys the reputation of being one of the oldest religious edifices in Japan, having been erected in the year 1052. If you are a student of Japanese art, you will be interested by finding in this temple specimens of some of the only genuine mural paintings in Japan. Generally the Japanese artist managed this style of decoration by painting the picture first and affixing it to the wall afterwards. But on the panels of the Biyōdō-in a lacquered surface received designs, representing the paradise of the saints, directly from the brush of an ancient artist, Tamenari. Another place of note in the valley of the Ujigawa is the monastery of Obakusan. To the casual visitor perhaps the most attractive features of this place are a set of wooden blocks, sufficient to print the whole Chinese version of the Buddhist canon, and an effigy of Kwan-on. The blocks fill a building set apart entirely for their storage. They look a little grimy and neglected, as is not unnatural with pieces of timber more than two centuries old, but their custodian asserts that they give as clear an impression as ever, the good gods not having suffered them to be corrupted by moth or wasted by time, after the fashion of common chattels. The effigy is more curious than impressive. You set it down for an ordinary wood carving, but it is in reality made of paper, and no every-day paper at that, seeing that the Chinese founder of the temple built it up with his own hands out of his mother's letters.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, when there were no such obstacles to free intercourse as treaties, the Chinese could come and settle freely in any part of Japan; and all through the records of former times evidences of frank intercourse between the two neighboring empires are encountered. But in these latter days of more highly developed civilization, privileges which the Chinese enjoyed in the seventeenth century are beyond the reach of us Europeans, not because the Japanese refuse to grant them, but because we are too great people in our own estimation to live in Japan on the same footing as the Japan-

ese themselves. The exclusive fastidiousness of Europeans declines to reside even in such a civilized country as Japan unless they are accompanied by their own laws and their own tribunals. Now that the Japanese government have adopted codes and have established an administration of justice on European principles, the "extra-territorial system," as it is called, by which Europeans are subject only to their own laws and the authority of their own ministers and consuls, cannot be much longer maintained. When it is removed, the fortunate Europeans who reside in Japan will have their summer villas overlooking the sunny valley of the Ujigawa, and will tell each other with amused wonder the story of our intolerance and the isolation it entailed. For the present generation, however, there is nothing left save to make the best of a bad system; though truly the irksomeness of being confined, year after year, to the limits of a treaty port, becomes doubly unendurable when one visits such a spot as the tea-house on the bank of the Ujigawa where the governor and his party rested on the route for Nara. Only comely, happy-hearted people could breathe that most pellucid air, and live within the arms of that sunny-faced, soft-voiced river. The travellers, therefore, were not surprised to find themselves waited upon, in a beautiful summer-house overhanging the stream, by a pair of damsels either of whom might lightly have "turned a young man's fancy to thoughts of love." They had a dimpled smile for duty and pleasure alike, and a pretty blush for compliments paid them in the presence of so great a magnate as the governor of Hongkong, the centre of British power, influence, and commerce in the far East.

Nara was reached just as the shadows of evening were deepening into darkness in the stately woods among which the principal temples stand. There is but one inn, Musashino, in the immediate vicinity of the temples, and this had been entirely engaged by the government for Sir George Bowen's accommodation. It commands a glorious view over the tops of the trees away out to the valley of the Ujigawa, and is just the sort of place where a man might come to "bind all his shattered hopes and bid them bloom again." You feel at once that you are in a spot too beautiful to be disturbed by the petty cares of the far-off world; a spot about which the memories of old times have brooded until the very scenery has acquired an air of pensive stillness. Nara's days of prosperity were

comparatively brief. During seventy-five years, from 709 to 784, it was the capital of Japan and the seat of the imperial court, and for eleven centuries it has lived on the prestige of that ancient greatness. Though the temples at Nara do not take high rank as examples of Japanese architectural or decorative achievement, they contain some specimens of glyptic art which show that the sculptors of old Japan are well worthy to be mentioned in art-history. Unquestionably, the most remarkable of these specimens are to be found in a species of pavilion called the Hoku-yen-do, which stands above the lake where the disconsolate maiden Uneme made away with herself for love of an emperor. A pair of gigantic statues of Indra and Brahma, and two figures of Magaku and Sesshi, attributed to the father of Japanese sculptors, Tori Bussshi, who lived in the early part of the eighth century, stand here among a heterogeneous crowd of dilapidated statues. The former, as delineations of fierce vitality, the latter, of majestic repose, are probably the grandest things of the sort now existing in Japan. Many another gem of less striking, though still admirable, execution is to be found thrust away in buildings about the Hoku-yen-do. In the temple of Todaiji stands the colossal ungainly *Dai-butsu*, or gigantic bronze statue of Buddha, for which Nara is famous. It is fifty-three feet high, seven feet higher than the other great statue of Buddha at Kamakura, near Yokohama, but is altogether inferior to the smaller effigy in execution and style. In this temple there has been brought together a small collection of antiquities, including some masterpieces of sculpture. Here also are some curious household images, resembling the Lares and Penates found at Pompeii.

In the imperial treasure-house, within the enclosure of the Shōsō-in shrine, there is preserved incomparably the most interesting collection of antiquities in Japan, probably in the whole Orient, and preserved with such religious care that only a very few distinguished strangers have had the good fortune to view it. We speak of "religious care" not in a figurative but in a literal sense. For the treasure-house is never opened without the direct sanction of his Majesty the emperor, who in the rare instances when the privilege is granted, deposes one of his chamberlains to proceed thither with the keys, and to superintend the various priestly ceremonies considered necessary on so solemn an occasion. The treasure-

house itself is built of logs of wood, triangular in section, with the apexes outwards, so that the walls present externally an appearance of deep corrugations. This style of architecture ought not, one would fancy, to possess any specially durable qualities; yet with the aid of very trifling repairs the building has stood stoutly for eleven centuries. It contains a considerable number of the ornaments and utensils in use at the imperial court during the emperors' residence at Nara, from 709 to 784 A. D. No other collection of similar nature and authenticity exists in either China or Japan. In the former country, each new dynasty made it a point of triumph to sweep away the mementoes of its predecessors; so that, for example, when the Ming supplanted the Yuen emperors nothing emerged from the destruction of the latter's art treasures except the beautiful Shungh bronze, accidentally obtained by melting down gold, silver, and copper vessels of the conquered Mongols. In Japan, on the contrary, where the same family is believed to have reigned uninterruptedly more than two thousand five hundred years, nothing has interfered with the preservation of relics except the apathy displayed by all generations of men so far as the interests of their successors are concerned. There has fortunately existed, however, a custom, in accordance with which the shrine entrusted with the care of an imperial or noble mortuary tablet became also the recipient of the deceased's personal effects. Thus the priests of the Shōsō-in came into possession of the utensils, ornaments, robes, etc., used by three emperors and three empresses, between 709 and 784 A. D.; and as everything connected with the imperial family is sacred in Japanese eyes, these precious relics were preserved from the first with the most jealous care. To the student of old Japan such a collection is invaluable. He learns there, that in the days when Britons were dressing themselves in skins, the Japanese wore exquisite silks, used vessels of handsome faience or delicate lacquer, had attained a remarkable degree of artistic skill, and surrounded themselves with evidences of high refinement. More interesting still, from an ethnological point of view, is the fact established by these relics, that the art of Japan, in those days, had not yet begun to assume the features which afterwards constituted its greatest charm as well as its distinguishing characteristic. Without exception, the character of the decoration shown by the specimens in the Shōsō-in is con-

ventional and geometric. Nowhere is there any evidence that the Japanese had begun to fathom the secret of natural proportion, or to study the lesson they subsequently acquired so perfectly, namely, that to conceal while preserving the relation of part to part is the fundamental axiom of graceful symmetry. In all these eleven-hundred-year-old designs the artist, whether he painted a picture or contrived a pattern, was careful to distribute his ideas with perfect impartiality on either side of a central axis, thus neglecting a principle which has always been an instinct with Japanese artists, as we know them. In assigning to these articles the age of eleven centuries, it will be understood that their minimum antiquity is referred to. All that is known on this subject is, that they have not been in use since the year 780 A. D. Many of them suggest the idea that they were already tolerably old when they passed into the possession of the shrine, and we shall probably make no error in assuming that they represent, not, indeed, the earliest Japanese art proper, but the art which the early settlers in Japan brought with them from abroad. It is now pretty generally believed that the Japanese, as distinguished from the Ainos (the aborigines of the country, of whom a remnant still lingers in the island of Yesso) consist of two races, the first of which made its way hither from the northern part of the Asiatic continent *viâ* Korea, while the second came from the southern parts of eastern Asia *viâ* the Riukiu Islands. Antiquarian studies have not yet fully explored the realm of ancient Siamese and Malayan art, though its affinity to Indian and Persian types is fairly established. There can be little question that to the same family belong the decorations displayed on the specimens in the Shôshô-in; and if this be so, we have here a valuable confirmation of the ethnological theory stated above.

After the governor and his party had inspected this unique collection, feeling how deeply interesting for Englishmen would be a similar museum of the household furniture of Alfred and the Saxon kings, the imperial chamberlain, who had been sent from Tôkiyô expressly to open and shut the treasure-house, proceeded to encase the huge and massive padlocks in papers bearing the emperor's sign-manual, and secured with the imperial seal. These render the doors so sacred, that a Japanese would as soon think of storming heaven as of forcing an entrance. To add to its awe-inspiring character, the

closing takes place with solemn prayers and offerings. A procession of white-robed priests advances, bearing trays piled up with fish, vegetables, and rice, which they lay before the adjacent shrine with much ceremony. And the ceremony is closed by the chief priest, kneeling, and chanting a prayer.

At the neighboring temple of Kasugano-Miya, approached through long lines of the massive lanterns of bronze and granite which are supposed to light the souls of Japanese emperors and heroes on their way to Hades, may be seen a bevy of young priestesses performing the solemn dance of the *kagura*, much resembling probably the sacred dances of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The long gauzy white mantles, scarlet tunics, flowing hair, and flowery chaplets of the maidens form an attractive picture, here in this holy city of Nara, and amid hallowed groves of darksome pines. The beautiful park around is full of sacred deer, so tame that they will eat from the hand of every stranger.

Want of space forbids us to follow Sir George Bowen further, but in conclusion, we may observe that one thing is still needed to round off the story of Japan's emergence from national isolation; to complete her wonderful grafting of Western systems and sciences upon an artistic and highly developed civilization of her own. She has made immense efforts and sacrifices to win her way into the comity of European nations. She has separated herself completely from the rest of the Orient; she has adopted Occidental polity, Occidental law, Occidental philosophy, and many of the best features of Occidental civilization. But, by a curious freak of fate, the result of these efforts is only to reverse her position towards the Western powers. A quarter of a century ago, they forced their society upon her; to-day, she holds out both hands of friendship to them, and they will not give her more than the tips of their fingers. It is a strange situation, but there are many strange features in the intercourse of the West and the East. In 1854, after an interval of above two centuries, Japan's second treaty was made with England. It gave British ships the right to enter certain Japanese ports, and provided that British subjects in Japan should obey Japanese laws, but be judged by their own tribunals only. Four years later (1858), this treaty was exchanged for one conferring larger trade privileges, and intended to "place the relations between the two countries on a



permanent and friendly footing." The new instrument, negotiated by Lord Elgin, said nothing about the obligation of British subjects to respect Japanese law. It only recited their exemption from the processes of Japanese tribunals. There ought to have been no possibility of misconstruing the omission. For even if anybody could reasonably define a treaty of friendship and commerce as a document conferring, *ipso facto*, upon the subjects of one high contracting party the right to trade and reside in the territories of the other without paying any respect whatsoever to the latter's law, there would still have remained an insuperable difficulty. It would still have been necessary to assume that the treaty of 1858—a treaty concluded in the interests of closer amity, and after four years of friendly intercourse—was intended to relegate Japan to the position of a conquered country. Yet that is virtually the assumption which was made. So soon as the treaty was construed into a document entitling Englishmen in Japan to ignore every law and regulation of the Japanese government, the sovereignty of Japan ceased to be a reality. One can easily conceive that this strange corollary was not tacked to the treaty without remonstrance on Japan's part. But the government of Japan, in those times, was threatened with deadly perils from within. The shōgun's liberality towards foreigners had placed a fatal weapon in the hands of his opponents, and his attention, forcibly concentrated on his own danger, had no leisure to be diverted to extra-territorial problems. England—we speak of her as the most interested among the treaty powers—was left to shape the situation after her own fancy. The task involved many curious manoeuvres. Very soon it was discovered that, since laws necessarily vary with countries, the laws of Great Britain were not applicable to all the conditions of life in Japan. On the other hand, British subjects, by arbitrary hypothesis, could not be required to respect Japanese laws. Some exit from this dilemma had to be found. It was found by rolling into one the legislative powers of queen and Parliament and conferring them on an individual ten thousand miles away, the British minister in Japan. But such a remarkably unconstitutional leap was not taken at one spring. First, a sort of halting tentative order in council was issued in 1861, conferring a fragment of this legislative power. This was followed by another order, in the ensuing

year, enlarging the fragment. Finally, her Majesty's government cut the Gordian knot by an order in council announcing that Japan was to be regarded as "a conquered or ceded territory," and that the queen's consul-general there was empowered to enact whatever laws he deemed expedient. Thenceforth the British representative in Japan became a sort of irresponsible ruler. He took whatever Japanese laws or regulations accorded with his ideas, re-enacted them, and promulgated them in his own name. It may well be supposed that a high-spirited, patriotic people like the Japanese chafed more and more under such a humiliation. The name of England grew yearly more unpopular. Yet in point of fact, among all the treaty powers, one alone excepted, England had acted most conscientiously; for they, while claiming the same privileges for their subjects, failed to make the same remedial provision. Denying that their subjects were under any obligation to respect Japanese laws, they nevertheless withheld from their representatives any special legislative authority. The United States of America were the one exception. Their government maintained that its citizens while in Japan must obey Japanese laws, but be judged by American tribunals alone.

Nor was this all. Since their subjects or citizens were not judged by Japanese tribunals, it was the imperative duty of the treaty powers to provide a substitute for those tribunals. But to this day, Great Britain is the only country which has established a competent and thoroughly equipped law court in Japan. A Japanese who has a suit against a member of any other nationality, must carry it before a consul, who in some cases is a merchant without any legal training, in others a paid official whose legal attainments may be said to vary with his nationality, and in all an officer of such limited powers that the justice he administers is often quite unequal to the occasion.

Perhaps the most grotesque illustration of these conditions is to be found in municipal affairs. The treaties are silent about municipal law. Therefore it is assumed that Japanese municipal law is inoperative as regards foreigners. On the other hand, neither the foreign representatives nor the foreign consuls are competent to enact or enforce municipal regulations. Under these circumstances, all attempts to conduct the municipal government of the principal treaty port, Yokohama, have naturally failed. First, the

Japanese were required to try their hand; then the foreigners tried theirs; then a sort of hybrid arrangement was essayed. And now the task is again entrusted to the Japanese, always with the proviso that they have no power either to enact or to administer municipal laws in the foreign settlements.

Now Japan desires to remove all restrictions upon foreign intercourse, to open her entire territory to foreign trade, travel, and residence. It is not alone that her national pride is hurt by the present state of semi-isolation, but that the development of her commerce and resources depends upon more liberal conditions. Foreign capital and enterprise are needed to make her prosperous, and in return she offers them a lucrative field of employment. But it is wholly out of the question that the grotesque system described above should be extended throughout the empire. Their operation within the narrow limits of the treaty ports is already unendurable. If foreigners are to reside where they please, trade as they will, and become owners of real property in any part of the country, Japan requires that they shall respect her laws and be subject to her tribunals. To this end she has gradually modified her penal laws, until, finally, in 1881, she promulgated a code which elicited the hearty approval of renowned European jurists. Her civil laws still leave much to be desired, but, as we have already said, she is on the eve of issuing a civil code also, in conformity with the best Western models. Her judiciary still lacks experience, but its intelligence and integrity are not doubtful. The only thing that she cannot deal with is foreign prejudice. Foreigners, a quarter of a century ago, called her reluctance to associate with them "barbarism." To-day, after all her efforts to earn their confidence and good-will, they openly admit their own reluctance to associate with her on equal terms. Happily this mood is at last beginning to soften. The chief foreign merchants at the treaty ports no longer deny that not only is the growth of commerce checked, but its very life imperilled, by existing conditions. They are willing that a first step in the direction of freer intercourse should be taken, and that a measure of Japanese jurisdiction should be extended to them. But here another difficulty presents itself. Japan has to negotiate with sixteen foreign powers simultaneously. She has to discover a moment when the whole sixteen are on such terms with one another and with her that the same arrangement shall

receive the unanimous endorsement of all. Since the treaties became subject to revision, thirteen years ago, she has been seeking this moment. She is still seeking it. The search is now entrusted to one of her ablest statesmen, a man whose name is associated with all her best reforms. It seems not improbable that his life will wear itself out in the task. This combination of sixteen powers, with their mutual jealousies, their conflicting interests, and their constant rivalries, is a *vis-à-vis* such as never before confronted any civilized government. Originally its units were five. They worked harmoniously, and the irresistible pressure of their united strength served as a lever to move Japan, almost without bloodshed, from her groove of isolation. But since then, other powers have come into the association, uninvited, claiming equal privileges with the rest and quietly neglecting to discharge the consequent responsibilities. England, by the preponderance of her interests, is unfortunately obliged to head this league, and to incur all the odium of such a position. Yet the policy of England, as directed by her present able and enlightened representative, the honorable F. R. Plunkett, is the very opposite of obstructive. Were she not hampered by her many-minded associates, she would take Japan's hand at once, and by gradual steps of prudent progress place her on the plane of international equality which she has striven so hard to reach. For what reason Great Britain does not step out of this combination, and join with the United States of America to complete Japan's admission to the comity of nations, no one pretends to explain. Not otherwise can English influence in the far East recover the place that properly belongs to it, or English commerce attain the dimensions that await it. Should England take this politic and rational step, she might reckon among her best friends and allies a nation which has astonished the world by its progress, and which promises to become, ere long, the first power in the East.

V. BRINKLEY.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

THE most complete and graphic account of the coronation of our present gracious queen is to be found in the special issue of the *Sun* newspaper of Thursday, June 28, 1838. This special issue

reached at least a thirty-sixth edition, and continued to be reprinted and sold up to September, and perhaps later. Its first and fourth pages are printed in gold, and the first contains a medallion of her Majesty twelve inches in diameter. The extraordinary circulation which this copy secured, and the commendation which it received from contemporary prints, show that it was considered at the period to have marked a notable advance in journalism. The thirty-sixth edition of a newspaper is perhaps unique; and a particular copy being reprinted from June to September is in itself a remarkable instance of newspaper longevity. The price of this copy of the *Sun* is not stated; but there is a notice to the effect that "the immense expense we have incurred in preparing the present copy of the *Sun*, which we willingly give to our subscribers at the usual price, will prevent us from selling it to non-subscribers at the same rate. Its beauty, however, is so great, that we are sure the public, who will be desirous of possessing such an extraordinary specimen of the art of printing, will be willing to pay the sum which we shall find it necessary to demand to cover our expenses."

The editor informs his readers that they may form some idea "of the exertions and expense necessary to attain our object," when it is stated that it has "required the united labor of three large establishments, comprising between two and three hundred persons," to produce this issue. At the same time, he is able to congratulate himself that the exertions of his staff were not in vain, for "the very handsome manner in which three of our morning contemporaries have done us the honor to speak of the specimen we laid before them, is an earnest of the praise we hope to deserve from the public at large."

In order not to interrupt the direct narrative, it may be as well to refer here to the proceedings in the House of Commons on the morning of the coronation. The House met at seven. At nine o'clock the speaker entered in his robes, the serjeant carrying the mace, and wearing all his orders. At that time there were upwards of four hundred members present; "and it never was our fortune to witness a finer or grander scene than when the members all rose to receive the speaker as he proceeded to the chair. The intermixture of the various uniforms and court dresses formed as beautiful a *coup d'œil* as could possibly be witnessed." The House of Lords is not mentioned on this occasion.

At seventeen minutes past three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, a royal salute of twenty-one guns awakened the citizens of London to the fact that "the sun was then rising upon the joyous day when the crown of these great realms was to be placed upon the head of the most popular and beloved sovereign that has wielded the British sceptre since the days of Alfred." By four o'clock, the streets were so thronged with passengers and pedestrians that they were in many places impassable, and the whole population seemed to have poured out in the direction of the Park and the Abbey. Even so early as six o'clock, the Green Park, the Mall, and the inclosure in St. James's Park were filled with persons of all ranks, eager to scramble for places. Their efforts were premature; for the police and military made their appearance on the scene, and by degrees the crowds were compelled to retire within the inclosure and down the Mall. Squadrons of Life-guards, a troop of Lancers, and a company of infantry, with general officers and their brilliant staffs, occupied the open spaces. The roof of the northern projection of Buckingham Palace was covered with people; whilst on the top of the Triumphal Arch were stationed two sailors, "of remarkably fine figure," who were in charge of the flagstaff upon which the royal standard was to be hoisted on her Majesty's departure from the palace. About eight o'clock, the band of the Life-guards struck up "God save the Queen," and played at intervals till the commencement of the procession. The carriages of those who were to take part in the cavalcade took their places according to the prescribed order, those of the foreign ambassadors in the south walk, and the royal carriages in the north walk of the Mall.

Of the foreign ambassadors, the most popular was Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), ambassador extraordinary from France. The marshal was loudly cheered as he passed along the line. His carriage created far more interest than that of any other ambassador. Its color was a rich cobalt relieved with gold; the panels were superbly emblazoned with the marshal's arms. The carriage had side-lights, then considered unusual, and four elegant lamps, ornamented with the ducal coronet, of rich silver. The raised cornice was of silver, higher and more elaborately chased than that of any other vehicle in the cavalcade; and at each of the four corners was a ducal coronet of large dimensions. The lining of the interior was a rich nankeen

satin, relieved with scarlet; the hammer-cloth was of blue broadcloth, trimmed with nankeen gimp and tassels. This elaborate structure was drawn by two horses. The liveries were of a drab color with a rich figured lace. The carriage of the Duke de Palmella was of a brilliant green relieved with silver; that of Count Gustave de Lowenhielm, of a rich lake; that of the Marquis de Brignole, of deep chocolate relieved with white. There was, therefore, no monotony of color in these elaborate conveyances. Her Majesty's state carriage was covered with scarlet silk Genoa velvet embroidered with gold; the badges on each side and back, the fringes, ropes, and tassels, being of the same precious metal. "We understand that it cost one thousand pounds," says the *Sun*, and what foreign ambassador could come within a long distance of that?

The early morning was dark and gloomy. Some rain fell, "which though it damped the apparel, neither damped the spirit nor the expression of the loyalty of the vast assemblage." By ten o'clock the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out in full summer strength and radiance. At length the signal was given that her Majesty had departed from the palace. At a quarter past ten, the royal standard was raised amidst enthusiastic shouting. At half past ten the royal carriage passed Apsley House. Whilst passing through St. James's Street, a short delay took place in consequence of one of the traces giving way, so that it was not till thirty-two minutes past eleven that her Majesty reached Westminster Abbey.

The streets through which the procession passed were not only crowded, but every window was filled with spectators, and every housetop occupied. Huge platforms had been erected all along the line in front of the clubs and business premises for the accommodation of those fortunate enough to secure places. These were festooned, and branches of evergreens were interspersed, so as to give the whole a very pleasing appearance, which was much heightened when they were filled with beautiful and smiling happy faces. The largest structure was that erected opposite the Reform Club, which afforded room to no fewer than six hundred ladies and five hundred members and their friends. The Oxford and Cambridge Club afforded seats to six hundred members; and the Carlton, a similar number. These establishments provided wines and refreshments during the day, which, we

are told, "were brought into requisition to a great extent; and many were the sincere aspirations breathed forth for the happiness, the long life, and prosperity of her who engrosses the attention of all Europe at the present moment."

Within Westminster Abbey, the scene was striking and magnificent. The great body of the spectators were congregated in the nave, along the sides of which galleries were constructed, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, with ten rows of benches, rising one above the other, and calculated to hold at least fifteen hundred persons. Very shortly after five o'clock, the hour at which the Abbey opened, these galleries began to fill, and by seven were crowded. Naval and military officers were there in their uniforms, clergymen in their canonicals, civilians in endless variety of apparel, the sombre black of the men being relieved by the countless hues which marked the dresses of the ladies. The patience of the spectators was severely tested by a six hours' waiting, relieved, however, by watching the progress of the more distinguished personages as they proceeded up the nave towards the choir, where they had their stations. Now, it was a judge; then, a peer arrayed in coronation robes of crimson velvet edged with ermine, and coronet in hand; again, it was a noble dame with splendid flowing train, followed by her daughters, whose charms needed not the aid of the gems that glittered upon their persons. Or perhaps it was some foreign ambassador, whose strange and costly dress attracted the attention of all gazers for a while. At half past nine, a loud cheer was heard outside, and a few minutes after, the Duke of Wellington entered, to be greeted with enthusiastic applause.

When her Majesty arrived at the west entrance of the Abbey, attended by the princes and princesses of the blood-royal, the party was received by the great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible. Her Majesty was led to the robing-chamber, constructed on the right of the platform outside the entrance. At a quarter to twelve, the procession advanced up the nave, the choristers singing the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," etc. The prebendaries and Dean of Westminster led the way, followed by officers of the royal household, the Archbishops of Armagh and York, the lord chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then

came the princesses of the blood-royal, the noblemen appointed to carry the regalia, then the princes of the blood-royal. Immediately preceding the sovereign were the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of England; the Duke of Wellington, lord high constable of England; Viscount Melbourne, bearing the sword of state; the Duke of Richmond, bearing the sceptre with the dove; whilst the Duke of Hamilton, as lord high steward, bore the crown; and the orb was borne by the Duke of Somerset. Then followed the Bishops of Bangor, Winchester, and Lincoln.

The queen walked between the Bishop of Durham on the right, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells on the left, the train being borne by eight young ladies. Her Majesty proceeded up the aisle, and on being recognized, was hailed with a loud burst of applause, which was speedily repressed. The youthful sovereign displayed perfect self-possession, united to a dignity and gentleness that won all hearts.

In the centre of the Abbey there had been erected a platform, ascended by four steps, covered with claret-colored drapery, on which were placed the chair of state, a litany chair with faldstool, and the throne or coronation chair, the well known wooden chair preserved in King Edward's Chapel, with the stone of Scone under the seat. The queen ascended the platform and took her seat on the chair of state, the bishops standing on either side; the noblemen bearing the swords of state took up their position on the right hand, the lord great chamberlain and the lord high constable on the left, the noblemen bearing the regalia standing near, the train-bearers being behind the throne.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the lord chancellor, the lord great chamberlain, the lord high constable, and the earl marshal, advanced to the east end of the platform, where the archbishop made the recognition in the following words: "Sirs—I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted queen of the realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" These words were repeated at the north, west, and south sides, during which her Majesty remained standing by her chair, and turned towards the people in each direction at which the recognition was made, the people replying with loud acclamations of "God save Queen Victoria;" and when this ceremony was concluded, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat.

The archbishop then proceeded to the altar and stood at the north side. The queen, attended by those already mentioned, approached the communion rails, and kneeling, made her first offering of an altar cloth of gold, which was placed on the altar, followed by an offering of an ingot of gold of one pound weight, which was placed on the oblation basin.

After a short prayer, her Majesty arose, and, attended as before, went to the chair of state. The regalia were then placed on the altar, and the litany proceeded with. At the conclusion of the Litany, the Sanctus was sung, after which the archbishop began the Communion Service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the gospel. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his text 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31. The sermon being concluded, the archbishop advanced and ministered the questions to the sovereign prescribed by the service. These being answered, her Majesty went to the altar, where, kneeling at the rails, and laying her right hand on a copy of the gospels, she took the coronation oath, kissed the book, and set her sign-manual to a copy of the oath. The queen then returned to the chair, and *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung by the choir. At the conclusion of the hymn, the archbishop read the prayer, "O Lord, Holy Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets," etc. Then the choir sang the anthem, "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet," at the commencement of which the queen rose from the chair, and advancing to the altar laid aside her crimson robe, and proceeded to and sat down on the throne or St. Edward's chair, where the ceremony of anointing was performed. Four Knights of the Garter held over the queen's head a rich pall of cloth of gold; the Dean of Westminster poured some of the consecrated oil from the *ampulla* into the anointing-spoon, with which the archbishop anointed her Majesty on the head and hands in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, "Be thou anointed," etc. The archbishop then read the next of the appointed prayers, after which the queen resumed her seat in St. Edward's chair.

The lord great chamberlain receiving the spurs from the dean, knelt down and presented them to her Majesty, who returned them, to be laid again on the altar. Lord Melbourne, carrying the sword of state, now delivered it to the lord chamberlain, receiving another in a purple scab-



bard, which he delivered to the archbishop to be laid on the altar. An appropriate prayer having been said, the archbishop, attended by all the other dignitaries of the Church, took the sword, and delivered it into her Majesty's hands, by whom it was returned, to be laid on the altar. This sword was then redeemed by Lord Melbourne for one hundred shillings, and was carried unsheathed during the remainder of the ceremony. Her Majesty was then invested with the mantle of cloth of gold. The archbishop presented the orb, which was returned, and laid on the altar; then placed the ruby ring on the fourth finger of the queen's right hand. The Duke of Norfolk presented a glove for the right hand, embroidered with the Howard arms, which her Majesty put on. The sceptre with the cross or royal sceptre, and the sceptre with the dove or rod of equity, were then delivered.

The archbishop, then standing before the altar, took up St. Edward's crown, and blessing it with the prescribed prayer, advanced, attended by the dignitaries, and placed it on her Majesty's head. The people shouted "God save the Queen!" and immediately the peers and peeresses present put on their coronets; the bishops their caps; and the kings of arms their crowns; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired. When the plaudits had ceased, the archbishop pronounced the exhortation, "Be strong and of good courage," etc.; and the choir sang the anthem, "The Queen shall rejoice," etc.

The archbishop then presented the Holy Bible and pronounced the benediction. The *Te Deum* was then sung, at the commencement of which the queen removed to the chair on which she first sat, attended by the chief officers as before. At the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, the queen was led to the throne by the archbishop, and all the noblemen on the platform ranged themselves about the steps of the throne. After a short exhortation from the archbishop, the queen returned the sceptres to the two noblemen from whom she had received them, and then the ceremony called the homage began. The archbishop knelt before the queen, accompanied by the other prelates, and said the words of homage, the others repeating the same after him. The archbishop and the lords spiritual then kissed her Majesty's hand and retired. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge ascended the steps of the throne, and taking off their coronets, repeated the words of homage,

then severally touched the crown and kissed her Majesty's left cheek. The dukes and other peers thereupon performed their homage, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words, and the rest of each degree saying after him; and each peer of the same degree successively touching her Majesty's hand and then retiring. During this ceremony, the choir sang the anthem, "This is the Day the Lord hath made," etc., and the treasurer threw about the medals of the coronation.

The patina and chalice with the bread and wine were now placed on the altar, and the queen laying aside the crown, made her second offering of a purse of gold. The holy communion was then celebrated, all the officiating clergy and her Majesty partaking of the elements. During the conclusion of the service, her Majesty remained seated on the throne, wearing her crown and holding the two sceptres. When the benediction was pronounced, marking the conclusion of the religious service, her Majesty, attended as usual, repaired to St. Edward's Chapel, and laying aside the scarlet coronation robe, was arrayed in the robe of purple velvet, and received the orb from the archbishop. In the mean time the procession was being re-formed. Everything being ready, her Majesty proceeded to the door by which she had entered, wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the royal sceptre, and in her left the orb. The four swords were carried before the queen as before; in fact, the same order was preserved, only that now all the noblemen and clergy were covered.

The procession commenced to leave the Abbey at twenty minutes to four o'clock; but her Majesty did not get to her carriage till twenty minutes to five. The same enthusiasm which marked the approach to the Abbey now showed no diminution all along the return route. When the queen had passed, the vast crowds slowly dispersed, having witnessed a display the like of which but few are ever destined to gaze upon again.

From The Spectator.

#### THE WEALTH OF THE LONDON JEWS.

OUR recent paper on Jewish pauperism showed the existence of so enormous a disproportion of poverty in the Jewish community of the metropolis, that it becomes interesting to inquire whether this

is balanced by any corresponding excess of wealth among the upper and well-to-do class of London Jews. By way of contrast, therefore, we proceed to give here a few figures bearing upon the incomes of the richer members of the Hebrew community. These figures will prove, on being compared with statistics referring to the United Kingdom at large, that public opinion is not altogether wrong in crediting the Jews with an amount of wealth larger by a good deal than is their due, and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, a proportion of rich families far and away beyond anything that is found among Gentiles. The preponderance of poor at one end, is seen to be more than balanced by an excess of wealth at the other end of the Jewish social scale. So that if there are many very poor Jews, there are many very rich ones to make up for it.

The figures we give are based upon an extremely able series of papers published in the leading organ of the Jewish community three years ago. They are the result of a series of investigations made by the most careful statistician in the Synagogue, a gentleman who occupies a semi-official position, and who had access to every available source of information. Of course the figures are only approximate; but as the Jewish community in London is very small, and the house-rental and charities of the principal Jews are easily known, there is no difficulty in arriving at the "least" amount of income possessed in a great majority of cases. Hence the data give with certainty the lowest aggregate of wealth with which it is possible to credit the Jewish body. The following table will show at a glance the division of the community of forty-seven thousand persons into classes of rich, well-to-do, lower middle, and poor people:—

	Families.	Individuals.
A. Professional and retired, living west	300	1,200
B. Rich merchants	1,200	5,400
C. Well-to-do merchants	800	3,600
D. Retired professionals	200	800
E. Shopkeepers	3,000	15,000
F. Traders	2,000	8,000
G. Servants and assistants		1,200
H. Casual poor	1,884	7,912
I. Chronic	234	
J. Other poor		
K. Russian Refugees		947

The margin of possible error in the foregoing figures is very small. The annexed table gives the income of each class as near as the writer could determine it. The "very rich" class includes fifty out

of the seventy-eight Jewish brokers of the City of London,—thirty great merchants and twenty families who have inherited their wealth, and are not engaged in commerce:—

Class.	Number.	Estimated Income over	Total.
A. Very rich	100	£10,000	£1,000,000
B. Rich	1,400	1,000	1,400,000
C. Well-to-do	800	500	400,000
D. Retired professionals	200	250	50,000
E. Shopkeepers	3,000	200	600,000
F. Traders	2,000	100	200,000
G. Servants and assistants	1,000	30	30,000
H. Poor	1,884	50	94,000
J. and K. Very poor	3,423	10	34,230
Total Income			£3,808,430

A glance at the manner in which this table is constructed will show that it yields the lowest possible income of the community; for example, the estimate of £1,000 only as the average of Class B, "rich merchants," whose profits are over £1,000 without reaching anything like £10,000, is clearly greatly below what it should be. However, we reserve our remarks upon this point, and assume that the gross amount stated represents the annual earnings and income of the London Jews. We obtain then this result: The £3,808,430 divided among the forty-seven thousand individuals constituting the Jewish community, gives £82 per head. For the United Kingdom, the figures (£1,240,000,000 income, and thirty-five million population) give £35 per individual. So that at the very lowest computation, the Jews have per head about two and a half times as much money as the non-Jewish residents of the country. They form, to put it in another way, a seven-hundred-and-fiftieth of the population, but have between them about a three-hundredth of the total wealth.

It is, however, when we come to compare the ratio of big incomes to population that the great preponderance of rich people among the Jews becomes evident, and we perceive how much larger is the proportion of wealthy Jews as against wealthy Gentiles. Taking Professor Leone Levi's tables ("Wages and Earnings," etc., 1885), which are based upon the income-tax commissioners' returns, we find that in the United Kingdom the incomes over £10,000 per annum are 90 per million inhabitants; over £1,100 per annum, 1,700 per million; over £500, 3,000 per million; and over £200, 15,700 per million residents. These figures give us for every fifty thousand inhabitants, 45 incomes of £10,000, 85 incomes of over £1,000, 150 incomes of over £500, and 785 over £200. Now,

assuming that the Jews number fifty thousand in the metropolis — which is at least three thousand too many, and lessens the proportion of wealthy people among them — we get the following results, tabulated so as to show at a glance the proportion of incomes in the case of the Jews and the community generally:—

Incomes over —	Number per 50,000, United Kingdom.	Number per 50,000, Jews in London.
£10,000 . . .	4.5 . . .	100
1,000 . . .	85 . . .	1,400
500 . . .	150 . . .	800
200 . . .	785 . . .	3,200

How greatly the proportion of very rich, rich, well-to-do, and even middle-class people among the Jews exceeds that in the general community, is here apparent. Men with incomes of over £10,000 a year are relatively more than twenty times as numerous in the Jewish community as in the country taken as a whole; men with over £1,000 a year are nearly seventeen times as numerous; those with over £500 are nearly six times, and those having over £200 more than four times as many as they would be in a similar body of Gentiles. The way in which wealth is distributed among Jews is curiously evident from the table given, for it will be seen that the ratio of incomes rises as the incomes rise, and the superiority of the Jew over the non-Jew is more marked in the larger amounts than in the smaller. Taking incomes in proportion to families, we get results more striking still. The number of families in the United Kingdom is just over 7,700,000; the Jews have considerably under 10,000 families. For the United Kingdom, we get one income of £10,000 in every 2,500 families; among Jews, one in every 100 families. The community at large has one income of over £1,000 to every 130 families; the Jews, one to every 7 families. The United Kingdom counts one income of over £500 to every 75 families; the Jews have one in every 12 families. The whole of the country reckons one income over £200 for every 14 families, while the Jews can claim one in every 3 families. Again, throwing all incomes of the upper-middle and higher classes together, it is found that the average amount per family per annum for the United Kingdom is £544. The Jews show the excellent average of £367 per individual, or over £1,400 per year. One of the most noteworthy things in connection with these figures is the insignificant amount contributed by the Jewish working classes. In the general community, quite one-third of the entire

income of the country (quite four hundred and fifty millions) is derived from the laboring people. The Jewish working class shows for only £150,000 out of £3,800,000, or the absurdly small proportion of about a twenty-fourth. Looking at this the other way, it will be found that four-fifths of the whole income of the Jewish community is held by one-fifth of the members. As regards the proportion of "very wealthy" people among them, our figures show that though the Jews form only one-seven-hundred-and-fiftieth part of the general community, they claim one-thirty-fifth of the total number of big incomes, those over ten thousand pounds a year.

The figures in the second table above given represent, as we remarked, the lowest "aggregate" at which the income of the metropolitan Jews can be reckoned. In the first place, the figures take no account of the millionaires of the community, men like the four Rothschilds and Sir Julian Goldsmid, whose incomes are over, and a good deal over, £50,000 a year; these alone would add another quarter of a million *at least* to the total. Then there are a number of Jews, like the De Worms, De Stern, Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt, not to mention others, whose incomes are rather over than under £20,000. Then, again, the gap between £1,000 and £10,000 is a very wide one, and to class all "rich" merchants in the category of £1,000 a year, with nothing between that and £10,000, is obviously absurd. A careful examination of a number of charity-lists, and the probable house-rent paid by many included in this category, convinces us that a large number are enjoying far higher incomes; and assuming that they only vary in the same manner and proportion as in the community at large, we should be enabled to add another £500,000 to the £1,400,000 put to the credit of the "rich" Jewish merchants. And then, allowing for an increasing number of wealthy foreign Jews, who contribute nothing to the Synagogues or Jewish charities, we shall get a total income nearer five than four millions per annum, giving an average per head among the London Jews of £106, as against £35 for the whole of the United Kingdom.

The former calculation gives what is undoubtedly the lowest possible sum; the latter, the highest probable amount at which the income of the Jews of the metropolis can be rated. With the two extremes thus made clear, a fairly accurate notion may be obtained of the normal resources of the Anglo-Jewish community of London.

From Nature.

## CHRISTMAS ISLAND.

THE following account of the little-known Christmas Island, situated in the Indian Ocean, south of Java, may be of interest. Captain Maclear and his officers collected a variety of specimens, which have been forwarded to the Museum of Natural History, and to the Royal Gardens, Kew, but they do not seem to have succeeded in making their way through the dense jungle to the upper part of the island, to ascertain the geological character of the mountain originally protruded from the depths. It is a little remarkable that, in a sea so calculated to encourage coral growth, no new reefs should have formed round the island since the ancient ones were elevated above the surface. The Cocos or Keeling Islands, five hundred miles to the westward, are a well-known example of thriving coral life.

W. J. L. WHARTON.

H.M. Surveying-Vessel Flying-Fish,  
January 31, 1887.

Christmas Island is one hundred and ninety miles from the nearest point of Java, from which it is separated by a depth of two thousand four hundred and fifty fathoms. It is formed of coral limestone, has no fringing reef, but rises abruptly from the sea in cliffs about thirty feet high, very much underworn, and in many places hollowed out in caverns; the shore is steep too; generally a depth of one hundred fathoms is found at one to two cables from the cliffs.

In appearance it is somewhat saddle-shaped, rising from a long back in the middle, seven to eight hundred feet high, to hills at the north-eastern, and at the western sides; the western summit is double, and is the best-defined mark; its height is one thousand five hundred and eighty feet. The shape is irregular quadrilateral; it extends through twelve minutes of latitude, and about the same in longitude.

The island is densely wooded all over, except where the cliffs are too steep to allow anything to grow. From the northern side the ascent is gradual to the highest parts; but on the southern side, after rising gradually for half a mile from the sea cliffs, a second wall of limestone cliffs is met, estimated at two to three hundred feet high, and thence slopes gently again to the top.

The shore cliffs are almost continuous, making the island inaccessible except at a few places. These cliffs are split by deep fissures extending several feet below

water; where these have become enlarged, and the adjacent cliffs have fallen in, a small white beach of fragmentary rock is thrown up, and at such places on the lee-side landing can be effected.

From the blown direction of the trees on the south side, and from the weather-worn aspect of rocks exposed to the southward, it is manifest that the south-eastern is by far the prevailing wind.

The north side of the island forms a large bight, in which the water is quite smooth, so that a boat can go close up to the cliffs, but on the southern and eastern sides a heavy sea dashes against the rocks.

The Flying-Fish steamed close round the island looking for anchorage, but found none, except in a small cove two miles to the westward of the north point of the island — this has been named Flying-Fish Cove; here she anchored in twenty-two fathoms, with her stern secured by hawsers to the trees, to prevent slipping off the bank.

The hill rises nearly perpendicularly at the head of the cove in the form of a horseshoe, and slopes gradually down to the two arms forming the cove. The bare beach is not more than twenty yards wide, and, from the look of the fragments that compose it, must be thrown up in northerly gales; the upper part of the beach to the foot of the hill, a distance of some hundred yards, is of just the same material, viz., fragments of coral rock and coral limestone, but it has a covering of mould from fallen leaves, and it is thickly wooded, many of the trees on it being forest trees of twelve feet girth and of great height, apparently hundreds of years of age, showing that a very long time must have elapsed since that beach was raised from the water.

One very large tree had something like the letters **WW** cut inside a scroll, and nearly illegible from time; this was the only sign of the island having been visited before; but one of our officers heard at Batavia that a Dutch vessel was wrecked on the south-east point of the island in a calm about fifteen years ago, and that the crew escaped and lived many months on the island before they were taken off, but I have no other details about the affair.

No running water was seen, but the droppings from the leaves during rain and dew must be great, as holes in the rocks and cup-shaped leaves were filled with water. As it was raining over some part of the island (generally the western) great part of the time the Flying-Fish was in

the neighborhood, and clouds were continually being formed over the island from the moist air driven up the side by the south-east wind, a great deal of water must be deposited, and probably be absorbed by the soil. At the eastern end of the cove, among the trees, where had seemed at first the most likely place for a watercourse, a few volcanic stones were found, but everywhere else the only rock seen was coral limestone; the cliffs above from which detached pieces had fallen to the beach were the same; the soil under the trees was a rich, moist mould, apparently formed from decaying vegetation.

Landing was also effected at another small beach in the northern bight near the north-west point; the general features were the same, but there was no anchorage at half a cable from the shore. A few cocks and hens were landed here, but as the crabs immediately began to chase them, I doubt if they will survive and produce.

No large animals were seen, nor marks of any. An iguana, said to be four feet in length, was seen in a tree, high up, but was not captured. Rat-holes were numerous, and one rat was secured, also a large bat. Several insects, spiders, flies, beetles, and butterflies, were collected; there were sand-flies, but no mosquitoes. Large crabs were very plentiful, and appeared equally at home running over the sea-cliffs and climbing up the trees; they were very ravenous, pouncing quickly on a dead gannet and devouring other injured crabs, and they must be terrible enemies to the birds generally.

Gannet and frigate-birds frequent the island, and evidently breed there, but it was not the breeding season, and very few eggs were found; the young birds were nearly grown. Besides the sea-birds there was the large green Torres Strait pigeon; one was shot, with three large red berries in his crop. These pigeons seemed to frequent the higher trees well up the hill. Also a ground-thrush, of a sooty-brown color, just the color of the fallen leaves among which it ran nimbly, apparently looking for insects; and a little fly-catcher of the same sombre color. As evening advanced, a small swift appeared, which flew about the jungle on the margin of the beach, fly-catching; none of these three last were secured. No bones were found on the beach, nor remnant of any animal; not even turtle-remains.

The flora appeared to be the same as that of the neighboring islands, the Moluccas. As before stated, the island is

densely wooded, and many of the trees attain great size. Chief amongst them I recognized two iron-wood trees, one with straight stem and round trunk, and the other with strong buttresses from the roots; both are natives of Celebes. Creepers were as thick as in the Moluccas, and covered the top branches of the trees.

Two palms — one I take to be the sago-palm, growing to a great height; and the pandanus — were abundant; cocoanut-trees were not seen, though husks were found on the beach, apparently washed up from elsewhere. At a small beach on the eastern side there appeared to be banana-trees, but they looked withered and there were no signs of fruit.

No mangroves were seen; the flora of the coast was generally such as is found in all tropical islands.

I regret to say that nearly all the botanical specimens that were collected were destroyed by insufficient drying in the exceedingly damp weather we experienced.

(Signed) J. P. MACLEAR,  
Captain.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE COLONIAL POLICY OF ITALY.

THE greatest puzzle to foreigners in the public action of the Italian State is her colonial policy. Her foreign policy, so far as it is revealed, is explicable enough. King Humbert, who, amidst all changes in his foreign office, really guides that department of the State, is convinced that Great Britain is the natural ally of Italy in eastern Europe and the Mediterranean, and whenever he has a free hand, supports her action there, an attitude which is not without its weight either in Paris or Constantinople. In pursuance of this policy, he has promoted the formation of a fleet which is believed to be now the third in Europe, and which has been constructed and equipped with singularly little expenditure of money. Armed with this weapon, which is improved every year, and protected by this alliance, King Humbert resolutely opposes the French pretension to make of the Mediterranean a French lake, and helps to guard not only Tripoli, but Morocco and the Greek islands, from French ambition. Italy, however, is assailable by land, and the king not only keeps up an army which could, on the outbreak of war, be raised to five hundred thousand effectives, but throws himself strongly and decidedly into the alliance



of central Europe. Aided by the better classes of the electors, and by the general disposition of Italians to leave diplomacy to the government, he has maintained steadily his agreement with Germany and Austria, which irritates the Irredentists, and is not quite pleasing to the Radicals, but which renders it impossible to attack Italy while she is perfecting her organization and accumulating wealth, the latter a process which, in spite of the backward condition of the southern provinces, and of the existence of a wretchedly poor class just beneath the peasants, is going on pretty rapidly.

That is a clear policy enough, and an effective one, though it involves the danger that Italy may one day be called on to wage an offensive war with France, and so to encounter, as Germany now does, the long-lived hatred of the French; but the colonial policy of Italy is much more obscure. It seems to be understood by all well-informed observers that the Italian desire for colonies is as keen as her desire to be safe, and we should like to understand more clearly why. It is not from any over-pressure of population. That increases, perhaps, too fast; but then, Italians have long since perceived this, and have adopted the easiest and most perfect remedy. Unlike the French, they emigrate in great numbers, the outflow in good years reaching two hundred thousand souls, and they have found a field for emigration which exactly suits them. They like the climate of South America, they can get along with the Spaniards, and they find in agriculture and the *petit commerce* of the cities work to which they are well suited, and which they tend to monopolize. Though not more laborious than the Spaniards, they are more steadily industrious, and they attend to the minute details of profit in a way the Spaniards cannot or will not imitate. They swarm in the South American cities, and in the Argentine Republic they are so numerous that Italians call that State "America," as we do the Union, and that within twenty years they will completely control its national affairs. Indeed, there is no reason why, if they would concentrate their emigration upon the valley of the Plate, they should not make of the republic a purely Italian State, in such strict alliance with the mother country as to realize their brightest dreams of colonial expansion. Instead of doing this, however, the Italian government appears to have a restless desire to occupy some country in which its colonists shall be avowedly its own subjects, and is al-

ways putting out efforts to secure some inferior land upon which it could pour the overspill of its population. This is the first motive of the desire for Tripoli, though no doubt Italy is also, for strategical reasons, jealous of French settlement there; this is the popular apology for the recent entrance into Abyssinia, with all the expense and hard fighting it threatens to involve; and this will ultimately lead Italy to occupy some one of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. It seems a dreamy kind of policy. If, indeed, there were any unoccupied country in the world where Italians could work and flourish, founding a new Italy of their own, we could understand the aspiration; but there is no such place. Italy cannot acquire Tripoli except by joining in a great war; and there is no vacant land in America which the government of Washington would permit her to take, or in the Pacific which is large enough for her intentions. Sir Charles Dilke says, indeed, in the *Fortnightly*, that the Italians think they could settle in tropical lands; but if so, they are very ill-advised. There is nothing in their position or race to differentiate them from other Europeans; and Europeans without Indian or negro subjects, have, outside the temperate zone, almost invariably failed. They die, or they degenerate. Even the Portuguese have not succeeded in really populating any torrid place, Brazil, the apparent exception, containing only a small proportion of Europeans of pure blood. Labor under semi-tropical conditions will be too severe even for Neapolitans, and they will find themselves unable to compete either with native Indians or with negroes.

The mistake is, at this moment, seriously embarrassing the Italian government. The ministry have no money to waste and no popularity to lose, yet they are perseveringly, not to say doggedly, maintaining a position at Massowah which, unless they intend to conquer Abyssinia, is a great waste of force. From the language employed in their journals, and the ministerial assurances that when Europe is more settled they will do great things, we presume they do intend conquest; and, of course, if they will expend force enough, they may realize their project. The Abyssinians defeated the Arabs in the first flush of their successes in war, and they have ever since maintained their independence; but still, we admit Sir Stafford Northcote's expedition overthrew the monarchy of Theodore very easily. With an expenditure of ten years, ten millions, and thirty thousand men, Italy may possibly re-

duce Abyssinia into a dependency; but what will be the use of that? An Italian nation can never grow in Abyssinia, and it is an Italian nation beyond seas which, as we conceive, Italy is longing to found. We wish her every success in the enterprise, if she can find a fitting *locale*; but in this instance we are convinced her energy is misdirected. Her people colonize better than the French — who, however, did not fail in French Canada, and may not fail ultimately in Algeria — but with a hostile and abnormally brave population under foot, with desert tribes all around, with a land needing irrigation before it can be productive, and with a climate just too hot to allow Europeans to retain their energy, no colony can be expected to grow into a nation. With half the expenditure of force, the Italians might in a few years, by strictly legal processes, get the Argentine Republic into their hands, or repopulate Peru, or even acquire a dominant influence within the empire of Brazil. Almost anything can be done when a kingdom pours out industrious children in such numbers; and what does it matter if the new State is called a colony or not? The Italians surely do not dream of imitating the French in Algeria, and acquiring a new dominion with new conditions of life, but to be treated as if it were a part of the mother land.

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From The Spectator.

#### LITERATURE AND ACTION.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, in the graceful speech at the dinner of the Royal Academy in which he returned thanks for literature, quoted, as the saddest thing he knew, the saying of a Frenchman who was also a statesman, that "literature leads to everything, provided that you quit it." The sentence is a striking one, a bit of that pemmican of thought which Frenchmen perhaps, of all men, best prepare for general consumption; but we do not quite know why Sir George applied to it the epithet sad. He meant, no doubt — as, indeed, he said afterwards — that literary men who betake themselves to active life never do good literary work again, literature demanding from her votaries too exclusive a devotion; but then, why is that, taken by itself, so sad? The epithet implies that work done through the expression of thought is higher than work equally well done by taking part in the active business of life; but how often is that true? It is the custom, particularly

with journalists, to give vent to this regret, and to moan, sometimes with a little malice of meaning, over a diverted career; but, except as regards a most minute class, their melancholy has very little motive. Thought is only greater than armies when it is great thought. There have been men, and even men of reflection, to whom the world owed so much for the expression of their ideas that it would be difficult or impossible to think of the form of active life in which they could have effected better things; but they are very few. The conquest of Gaul was a greater feat than writing the "Commentaries." *Ceteris paribus*, action is greater, or at least far more useful to mankind than thought, as is proved by the fact that we measure thought by its influence on action. He is the great writer who over a wide area has affected either the lives of men, or those thoughts upon which the conduct of life is based. A biographer is rarely, indeed never, greater than the subject of his biography; nor does the sensible historian reckon himself the superior of those who have made history. The orator, indeed, may be, as regards effectiveness, the equal or the superior of the statesman; but then, in those conditions of mankind amid which alone persuasive speech is a great power, oratory is really not so much literature as action, and action often of the most energetic kind. Mr. Gladstone is not a *littérateur* because when he desires to pass laws or work a revolution he pours out splendid speeches; he is a man of action who uses oratory as the instrument which, in a country governed by a deliberative assembly, is the readiest to his hand. The man who has commanded an army has done more for his country than any writer on strategy or military history; and the statesman who has passed one good law, more than any philosopher not of such rank that good laws have risen out of his philosophy as directly as effect from cause. One or two men, for example, like Adam Smith, may have enriched mankind more than most financiers; but all the host of writers on finance have hardly accomplished so much for England as Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Gladstone as his successor in the same great work. Sir George Trevelyan quotes Burke, and Sheridan, and Canning, and John Morley as his typical illustrations; but Burke and Sheridan, who succeeded in literature, almost failed in action, for their oratory, brilliant as it was, did not carry votes; while nothing Canning ever wrote could compare for a moment in effect with his foreign policy. He might have written

on liberty forever without securing liberty for millions, as he did when he "called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." Mr. Morley, as yet, is an unknown quantity in the argument; but suppose Home Rule for a moment to be carried and to succeed. Could all Mr. Morley ever wrote, or gave promise of the potentiality of writing, be compared for an instant, in its results for mankind, with a true and a lasting reconciliation between Ireland and Great Britain? There is a little literature the importance of which it is impossible to overrate; but we habitually overrate the importance of literature in the mass, and especially its kindling effect. Action is contagious as well as thought, and the hero makes heroes as quickly as any poetry of heroism. Tyrtæus was a great poet, but Leonidas made Sparta. No thinker could do more to raise the standard of duty than General Gordon's example; and it is in the statesmanship of great statesmen, rather than in their thoughts, that the lesser statesmen seek guidance. Even in theology, where thought would seem to be all, it is the teacher's life that compels conviction, at least as much as his words — unless, indeed, those words are accepted, like Mohammed's, as directly divine. That the pleasure of the world is sadly diminished when men of literature take to politics, is often true; but the other results of that course may, and frequently do, outweigh any benefit to be derived from intellectual pleasure. The admirers of incisive writing lost much when Lord Salisbury took to statesmanship; but then, a great party gained a leader, and England a premier whose guidance may far outweigh in value for his people tons of the most acridly clever of "contributions." It is, we fear, when men of literature fail in action, and then only, that the world has reason to regret their divergence from their first career.

If this is not so, how shall we explain the frequency with which men of literary promise abandon the study and the pen for a career of action? Usually, to such men the quieter career is by far the pleasanter. Is it all vanity, a desire to be more visible, a wish for the higher place in society which society, with an incurable perversity that suggests instinct, persists in assigning to the statesmen above the thinkers? We do not believe it. The literary character is not exempt from vanity, but it is usually simple, and the *littérateur* who goes out to the battle is mainly influenced by a secret sense that

he is not doing his best work, that action is more than writing, that if it is in him, he ought to do something, and not simply write. If he can do it, he is shirking the world's work, and feels that he will be more of a man when he is immersed in it, when he is outside helping the machine along. He ought, he feels, to cure, instead of writing about disease. Very often he mistakes himself, miscalculates his own powers, and in the bitterness of failure, aggravated by temperament, curses his folly in giving up his pen; but he acted, nevertheless, from a motive which reveals his inner judgment. Take Mr. Morley. Mr. Morley has not succeeded yet, and is weighted by a constitution not perfectly suited to our wearying form of political battle; but Mr. Morley has already done more in the forum than he ever did in the closet, and if he went back to his old labor for any other reason than health, would be the first to acknowledge that, to his own mind and inner conviction, the retracing of his steps signified failure. The life of action was the larger life, with more in it, more to bring out the whole strength of its votary, more to be sure of in its ultimate results. This is so true, that we suspect that one reason why so few men of literature who have become statesmen ever write again, is that they feel writing to be so useless beside action, that they are hardly attracted to such work. They have plenty of time, occasionally at least, under our system; but they have lost the main impulse, that quantum of belief in the utility of their writing without which few men, except for money, would ever be literary producers. The essay seems so trivial beside the speech which carried or defeated the bill, the book so feeble beside the project of legislation. Virgil was greater than Augustus? Perhaps, if we remember his influence on men in the Renaissance; but was Horace? of all mere *littérateurs* who ever lived, perhaps the most successful. We should disagree wholly with Sir George Trevelyan's sentence, and rather say that one of the pleasantest features of modern literature is that it opens the door to so many for the higher work of guiding or ruling, and that once opened, they embrace it forever. Whether they are the best of guides or rulers is a different matter, on which we shall not at the fag-end of an article venture to enter; but we may just add this sentence. Of the three ruling men of our time who have accomplished most on the Continent, two, Cavour and Bismarck, have been aristocrats trained to diplo-

macy; but the third, Thiers, who really saved France in 1870 from the Commune, as well as from the Germans, was essentially a *littérateur* who accepted the French statesman's advice, and "quitted it." His career is scarcely a proof that it is a sad step to take. How much book would have compensated France for his decision that "the republic divides us least,"—that is, for gaining seventeen years of opportunity to regain her strength?

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From The Saturday Review.  
CENTRAL-ASIAN ASPARAGUS.

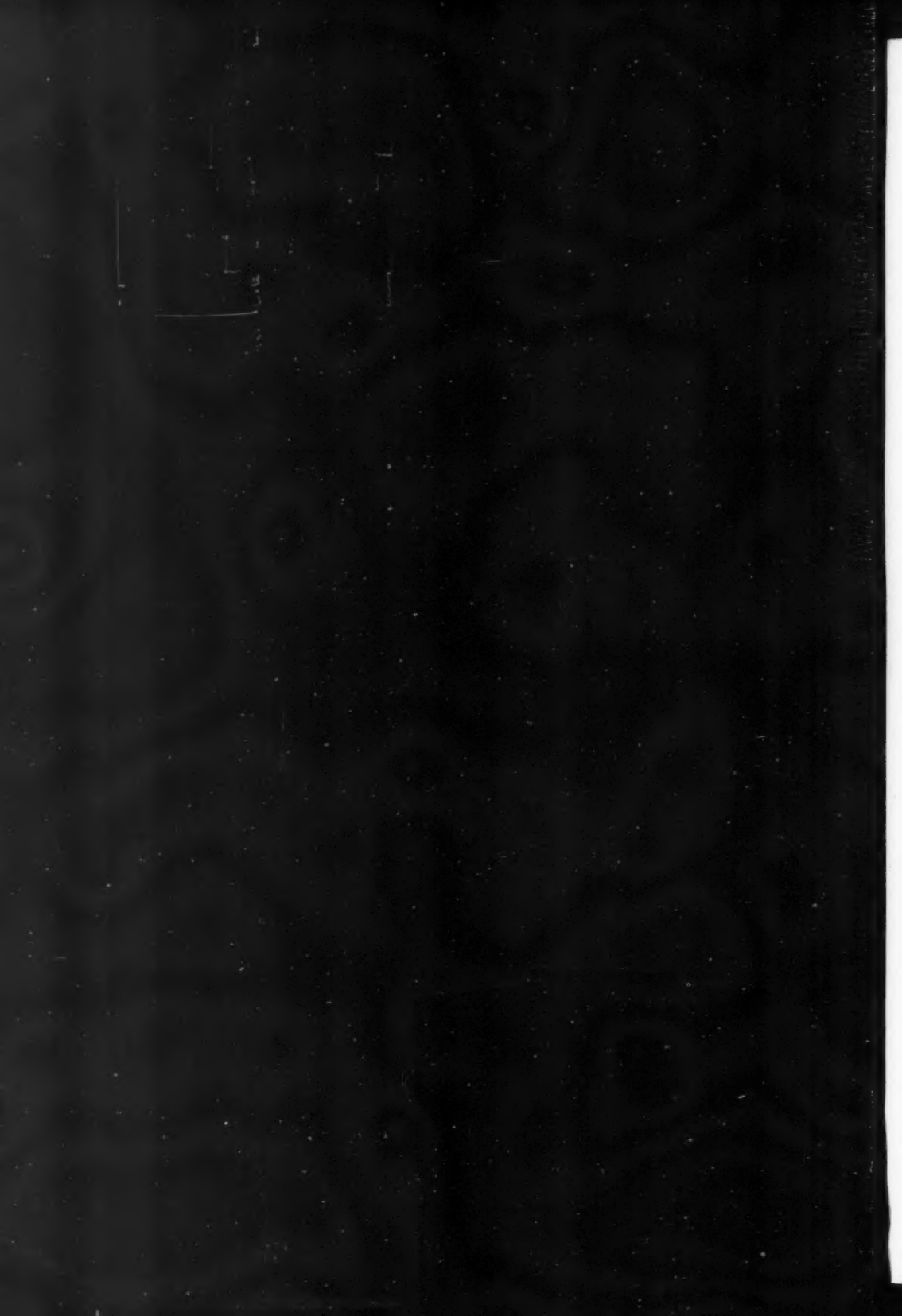
CENTRAL Asia is the land of romance and fable. Here are lamas, ants as large as foxes, according to Herodotus, and forests of asparagus, useful as cover, and invaluable as food to the armies of Russia. In the steppes of Akhal Tekiz the grass grows as tall as a tall man, and as thick as the arm of the late Mr. Jackson, Lord Byron's tutor. Enormous flocks of canards have their habitation in the thickets of asparagus, and are exported for European consumption. One single tree of asparagus will feed ten Russian soldiers, and we only hope that the entire Russian military force may be maintained for years on this agreeable fruit of the earth, with or without melted butter, according to taste. By the way, India is the land of melted butter (the natives call it *ghee*), and it would not surprise us to find Mme. de Novikoff arguing that India is therefore naturally part and parcel of the czar's dominions. He who owns the grass has a natural, indefeasible claim to the *ghee*. The sweet reasonableness of this must have already occurred to Mr. Gladstone, who has been flirting with the vegetarian vote.

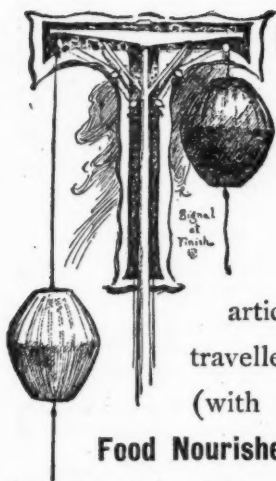
While the *Standard* devotes a leading article to the central-Asian asparagus, other marvels of the latest steppes the czar has taken appear to have escaped the notice of the newspapers. The "shoots" of the asparagus have a range of fifteen thousand yards, with a low trajectory and an explosive power which is to melinite as melinite is to gunpowder. The difficulty of transport is at once overcome by the size, docility, and swiftness of the rabbits and hares which, ignorant of Sir William Harcourt's bill, grow to magnificent proportions. The common rabbit of Akhal Tekiz reaches the mean height of fifteen hands, and its speed is in proportion. These animals are invaluable, either for mounted infantry (their downy cover-

ing being peculiarly grateful to the inexperienced equestrian, who scarcely feels the usual results of hard trotting) or for transport service. The hares are still taller, hardier, and more speedy, while their huge, erect ears afford excellent cover to the rider. So far some little difficulty has been felt in breaking these hares in for military purposes. They are also distinctly "gun-shy," and a charge of harery (if "camelry," why not "harery"?) need not appal even the British soldier, with his tin bayonet and nursery pea-rifle. As the frogs of Akhal Tekiz are a good deal bigger than ordinary crocodiles, there is some idea of mustering a frog force for river service. The bees also rival the celebrated "best bee" of Slavonic fable. Everything, indeed, in Akhal Tekiz is in the same heroic proportion, and the Zoological Gardens of St. Petersburg are going to be at once enlarged by several hundreds of versts for the convenience of including specimens. The usefulness of these central Asian fauna for the transport of the celebrated naphtha and petroleum of the steppes is also incalculable. With all these advantages, it seems a curious fact in human nature that Russia does not feel at all inclined to stop in her eastern and southern progress. Asparagus such as Alexander never knew already overshadows her markets, and makes her independent of the corn of Odessa and the staple tallow candle of popular delusion. But ambition, as George Osborne remarks in the surviving chapter of his "Ethics," is selfish and insatiable. Russia, not content with asparagus beyond the dreams of Covent Garden, and with beans probably equal to that of the celebrated Jack, has her eye on the pagoda-tree, and is intriguing with Mr. Patrick Casey. Fortunately the pagoda-tree has been pretty exhaustively shaken by this time, and may produce less than the inheritors of unparalleled asparagus expect. Better it were to examine, with scientific minuteness, the interesting problem, Who were the mysterious race that cultivated the Akhal Tekiz asparagus to its present gigantic proportions? Science maintains that wild asparagus is weedy and slender. Only under cultivation does it grow about as thick as the human thumb. Who, then, cultivated it till it became as thick as the human arm? Or might it not be still more scientific to ask who floated, in a season not more silly than all recent seasons, this portentous substitute for the enormous gooseberry?

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